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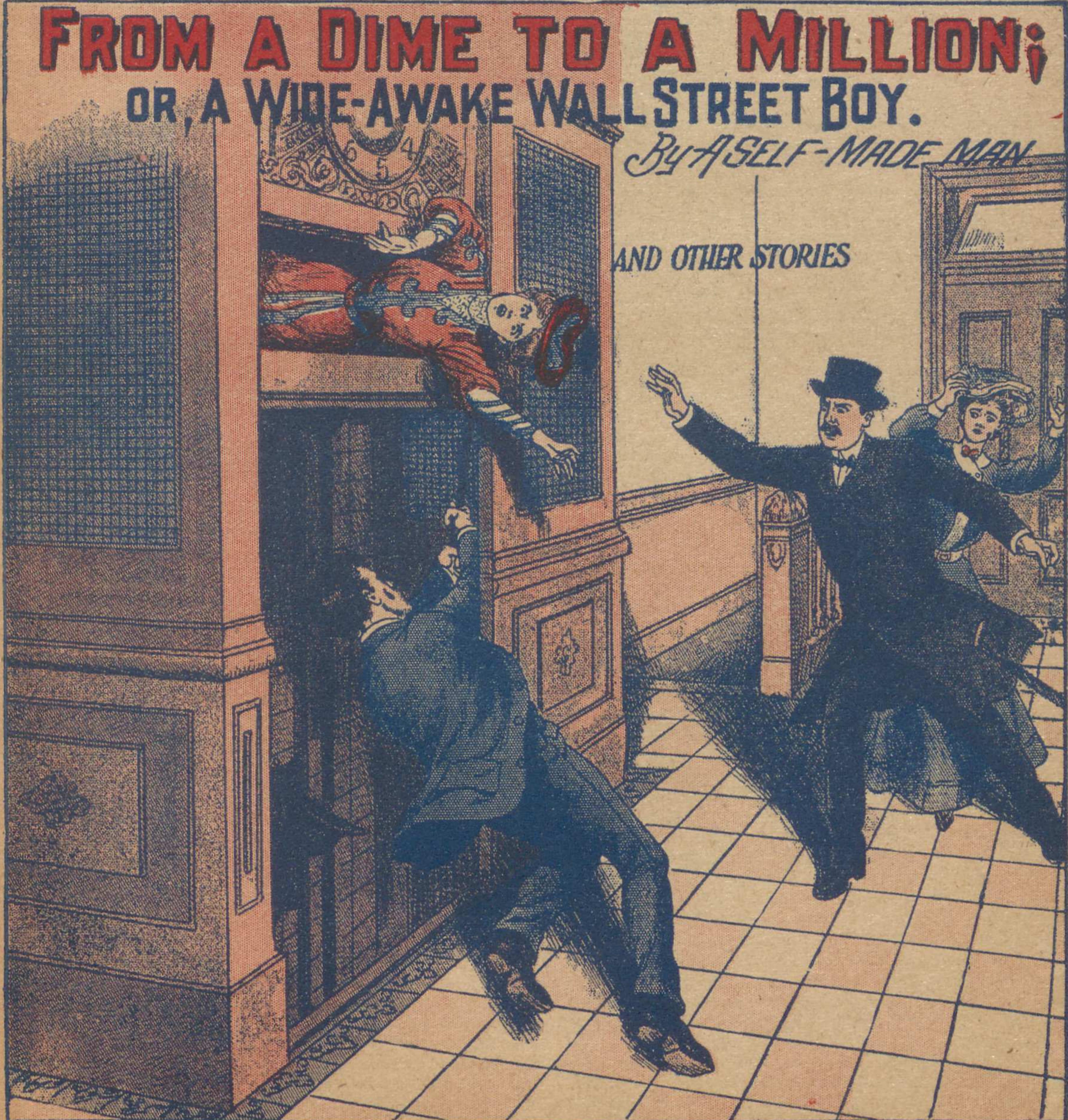
FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

**FROM A DIME TO A MILLION;
OR, A WIDE-AWAKE WALL STREET BOY.**

By A SELF-MADE MAN

AND OTHER STORIES



Dora lost her balance, and with a piercing scream fell partly out of the elevator. In another moment she would have been crushed to death but for Castleton who sprang forward, seized the wire rope, and pulled desperately at it.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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FROM A DIME TO A MILLION

OR, A WIDE-AWAKE WALL STREET BOY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—What Joe Castleton Found in the Gutter.

"Only a dime!" exclaimed Joe Castleton, gazing disgustedly at the bright silver coin as it lay in the palm of his hand. "Only a miserable little ten-cent piece represents the whole of my worldly wealth, and yet I have a pointer on the market at this moment worth a million to any one with the coin to back it. If I had even one hundred dollars, and that's a mighty small amount for a fellow to tackle the market with, I could make something. I could more than double my money. But to think I have only a measly dime. It's enough to give a fellow an attack of heart failure."

When Joe Castleton indulged in the above soliloquy he was standing at the door of the Ajax office building on Broad Street. He had just come down from the offices of Morris & Goldberg, on the fifth floor, a firm of stock brokers to whom he had carried a message from his employer and had accidentally overheard Mr. Morris tell Mr. Goldberg that the syndicate which had been forming to boom B. & L. stock was now complete and that he had just received instructions to start in at once and secure every share in sight as close to the market as possible. Joe hadn't worked two years in Wall Street without picking up a whole lot of information about how business was conducted in the financial district. Being a bright and ambitious boy, he had made it his business to get as close to Stock Exchange methods as it was possible for him to do, with an eye to the future, since he did not always expect to be but a broker's messenger.

Instead of wasting his spare moments, when sitting in the office with nothing particular on his hands, in looking out of the window, he gave his attention to the daily news of what was going on, or in prospect, in the Street, and thus kept himself fully informed of the trend of the market at all times. He knew that syndicates were frequently formed to corner certain stocks with the object of forcing up the market price of the shares as high as could be done with safety, when the promoters of the deal would quietly unload at the advanced figures and gather in the difference between what they paid for the stock, through their private brokers, and what they received for the same. Joe knew that millions were made, and

sometimes lost when a screw worked loose, at this game by those on the inside, and that only pickings were left for the fortunate outsiders not caught in the subsequent slump.

Of course, the chief factor for the success of such deals was absolute secrecy, consequently it was not often that information concerning what was on the tapis got away from those interested in an enterprise of this kind. When such information was occasionally imparted to outsiders, it was called a tip, and was supposed to go no further than the favored party. The pointer that Joe had just got hold of was a first-class tip on a good thing that was about to be pulled off, though, as a matter of course, it came into his possession by the merest accident in the world—still it was no less valuable on that account. Joe worked for Broker James Hoyt, of No. — Wall Street. As a messenger he was a crackerjack. He covered ground in such a brisk fashion that Mr. Hoyt once remarked that he made a pair of seven-league boots look like a bargain counter misfit. More than half of the brokers knew Joe by sight and reputation, if they didn't condescend to speak to him, and there wasn't one of them but would have been glad to have had him attached to his office. Life was rather a serious matter to Joe, for his widowed mother largely depended on his eight dollars a week to help support the family, which consisted of three small girls besides Joe himself.

Mrs. Castleton went out dressmaking by the day, when the opportunity offered, but it was seldom that she had a whole week of consecutive employment. So it was a constant struggle with her to pay rent and make ends meet. Joe was a good boy and loved his mother and sisters dearly. He was willing to make any sacrifice for their sake. That's why he never had any money he could call his own. In fact, it was a rather remarkable circumstance for him to have as much as ten cents in his pocket after buying the two subway tickets in the morning which carried him down and up town each day. His lunch, day in and day out, consisted of a couple of home-made sandwiches and a piece of pie, which he ate in the office and washed down with a glass of water. Yet the boy was never heard to complain of his lot, and he always looked clean and neat, even if his clothes were not of a fine texture. Joe within

the last few months had become interested in the market.

He believed that if he had command of a little money he could make a stake for himself, and incidentally give his patient little mother a lift. He thought he saw many chances where a hundred dollars could be easily doubled. He never expected to get hold of a really valuable tip, and now, when this one had so unexpectedly fallen into his hands, he felt that it was hard luck indeed that he had no funds to enable him to make use of it.

"Well, what's the use of kicking against a stone wall?" he concluded, leaving the doorway of the office building and heading for Mr. Hoyt's office. "I can't make use of the tip, and that's all there is to it."

As he crossed the street he saw a big, husky messenger, whom he knew as Ike Thacker, pounding a small, inoffensive lad named Frank Webster, who ran errands for a fat broker who had an office on the same floor with Hoyt. Joe knew that Thacker was a bully. He delighted to bulldoze boys younger and smaller than himself. Sometimes he found a spunky youth who was not easily intimidated, in which case he would leave him alone in the future, which clearly showed the cowardly side of his nature, but generally he had his own way. Joe was one of the boys he had failed to master at the start, and now Castleton had grown big and strong enough to command Thacker's respect. Frank Webster's inability to hold his own successfully against the messengers who found pleasure in ill-treating him occasionally had caused Joe to take him under his wing. So when Joe saw what Thacker was doing on this occasion, he started to interfere. Ike was just topping off his cowardly performance by administering a kick to Webster. Joe reached him in time to grab his foot, and the result was Thacker lost his balance and tumbled into the street head first. He scrambled on his feet as mad as a hornet.

"Did you do that?" he snarled to Castleton.

"I did. How did you like it?"

Thacker clenched his fists as if he intended to sail into Joe and take revenge, but there was something in the boy's eye that deterred him.

"What did you do it for?" he snorted.

"I thought I'd give you a dose of your own medicine," replied Joe, coolly. "You were thumping Frank Webster, and just about to kick him. You know he's no match for you, so do I. That's why I chipped in and took his part."

"What right have you to butt in? He was cheeky to me, and I was just learnin' him manners."

"What did you say to him, Frank?" asked Joe, who knew that Webster was not one of the cheeky kind.

"I was going back to the office from an errand to the Mills Building when he caught me by the sleeve and asked me to lend him a dime. I told him that I had no money to spare. Then he threatened to punch me if I didn't come up with the money. I refused and he started in to thump me."

"What have you to say to that, Thacker?"

"I don't know what business it is of yours what I've got to say. I'm goin' to get square with you for trippin' me up, see if I don't. Maybe you think you kin lick me. Joe Castleton."

"I haven't thought about the matter at all, but if I catch you thumping Webster again I'll try and make things interesting for you."

"You will, eh? If it wasn't that I see a cop on the other side of the street, I'd push your face in, d'ye understand?"

"I don't think you would, Ike Thacker," replied Joe resolutely. "Any time you feel like trying to do me up just start in, only I hope you'll be man enough to attempt it before my face and not with a blow behind my back, as I've heard you have the habit of doing to persons of your own size."

"Yah!" snarled Thacker. "You hear a lot, don't you? I'll fix you for this. I'll make you wish you'd minded your own business before I got through with you."

After uttering those words with a scowl of hate, he turned on his heel and walked away.

"I'm much obliged to you, Joe," said Webster, with a grateful look. "This isn't the first time you've done me a good turn. Maybe some day I'll be able to return the favor."

"That's all right, Frank," replied Castleton. "You're not strong enough to defend yourself against such chaps as he, and I won't stand to see you abused for nothing. So don't say another word. If you're going back to your office, come on."

As the boys stepped on the sidewalk, Joe paused. His sharp eye had been attracted by the glistening of a ray of sunlight on an object lying against the curb stone. He stooped and looked closer. Then he stretched out his finger and picked up a diamond ring. The stone was a magnificent solitaire of undoubted value.

"What's that you picked up?" asked Frank.

"A diamond ring," replied Joe. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"I should say it is. Why, that must be worth a thousand dollars."

"As much as that?" said Joe, who had no idea of the value of such gems.

"It may be worth two or three times that," replied Webster. "Mr. Dayton (his employer) has a ring not near so fine as that, and I heard him tell a broker that it cost him \$900."

"Then I'm in great luck to find such a ring."

"I should say you are. What will you do with it?"

"I hope to find the owner and return it."

"That's the right thing to do, if you can. I suppose some big broker lost it. You'll get a reward for restoring it, of course."

"I wouldn't object to that. I could use \$100 to great advantage just now."

"I guess you'd get \$100 all right. At any rate, it's worth it. A ring like that is sure to be advertised for. You'd better watch the papers right away."

"I mean to. I'll also show it to Mr. Hoyt. He might suggest some way of finding the owner, if the person who lost it is a broker. I hope I'll come in for \$100 on it, for I know how I could double the money."

"Do you mean in stocks?"

"I do. I've got hold of a first-class tip that I'm certain is a winner."

"How did you pick it up?" asked Webster, with a look of interest.

"How did I pick it up? That's a secret, Frank."

If I thought you had any coin to invest, I'd put you on to it, but I guess you haven't."

"No, I haven't any money," replied Webster. "And if I had, I don't think I'd put it into stocks. It's too risky."

Joe laughed, for he knew that Webster's nature was a timid one, and that he was about the last person who would take a shy at a game of chance of any kind. They had reached the office building where they were employed by this time, and, boarding an elevator, they soon parted on the second floor.

CHAPTER II.—Joe Gets a Reward of Five Hundred Dollars.

When Joe entered his office, he found that Mr. Hoyt had not returned from the Exchange, so he took his accustomed seat, pulled the diamond ring out of his pocket, and examined it carefully. It sparkled and scintillated from every point of view. Clearly it was a gem of the purest water, and the boy did not doubt but that it was worth a good amount of money.

"If I can get \$100 for restoring this to the owner I'll be in great luck," he said to himself. "I'll slap that money right into B. & L., and then I'll have the satisfaction of making a little something out of that tip. I guess I'll take this ring in and show it to Miss Peters. Maybe she can guess what it's worth."

Miss Peters, whose other name was Carrie, was the stenographer, and she and Joe were very good friends.

"See what I found on the street, Carrie," said Joe, holding up the diamond ring.

"Oh, isn't that a beauty!" the stenographer exclaimed, the moment her eyes rested on it. "Where did you find it?"

"In the gutter, between here and Broad Street."

Girl-like, Miss Peters immediately slipped it on one of her fingers and then held up her hand to see it sparkle.

"What wouldn't I give to own such a ring," she cried, almost eviously.

"I s'pose you'd give your heart and your hand if the fellow was all right," grinned Joe.

"It will take more than a diamond ring to win me, Joe," she answered laughingly.

"How much more? A million-dollar bank account?"

"No. Something better than money."

"I thought money or its equivalent was what most girls are after."

"Money is a good thing to have, but it isn't everything."

"Well, money is what I'm looking for just now."

"You're not the only one that is looking for it."

"That's no dream. Don't you think it's worth \$100 to return that to the owner?"

"Easily. Have you any idea who the owner is?"

"Not the slightest."

"Then how do you expect to be able to find the owner, since you're honest enough to wish to locate him?"

"I think so valuable a ring will be advertised for in the papers."

"I have no doubt but it will. It's worth over \$1,000, I should think."

"That's what Frank Webster said, too. His boss, Mr. Dayton, has a ring not as good as this for which he paid \$900."

"That's a magnificent stone. It might easily be worth \$2,000."

"I think some broker lost it. I'm going to show it to Mr. Hoyt. He might have an idea who it belongs to."

"He might," replied Miss Peters, taking it off her finger with some reluctance. "Let me know if you find the owner, will you?"

"Certainly."

"And supposing you don't, what are you going to do with it?"

"I'd sell it for as much as I could get, provided it was near its value, for the ring is of no use to me, while money would be of great use. If I had the value of it now, I could make what would represent a small fortune to me."

"How could you?"

"I know a certain stock that's going to rise in a few days."

"How do you know it's going to rise? Hardly anybody can tell with any certainty what's going to happen in the market from day to day."

"That's right, too; but, you see, in this case I've got inside information."

"Oh, you have?" smiled Miss Peters incredulously.

"That's what I have," replied Joe, with a positive nod.

"Somebody has been giving you a tip, I suppose?" she said with a dubious smile.

"Nobody has given me a tip. I acquired the tip myself, that's why I know it's all right."

"How did you happen to get it?"

"I'd rather not explain how I got it, but if you've any money you'd like to put up, I'll steer you next to the good thing."

The girl shook her head.

"I know better than to speculate in stocks, and I thought you did by this time."

"There are exceptions to every rule. If I had \$1,000 at this moment I'd put every dollar of it into—well, a certain stock."

"I'm afraid you'd regret it."

"Well, as I have only a dime at this moment, I can't very well go into my deal; but I hope to realize enough out of this ring to make a stake."

"You'd be a foolish boy to risk the money on a stock venture. Stock gambling is the most uncertain of all games of chance."

At that moment Joe heard his electric bell buzz, and he knew that Mr. Hoyt had got back and wanted him in the private office. He therefore lost no time in answering the summons.

"I want you to take this note to Mr. Cannon, of Day & Cannon, and bring me back an answer."

"Yes, sir," replied Joe, who left the room, got his hat, and was soon on the street.

Day & Cannon's office was in the Johnstone Building, and that was only a short distance from Mr. Hoyt's, so it didn't take Joe long to run over there. Both Day and Cannon were in the private room talking when Castleton was announced. Cannon told the office boy to show him in, and then went on talking with his partner.

"How much did Hammersley say it was worth?" Joe heard him say as he entered the room.

"Eighteen hundred dollars," answered Day.

"That's a lot of money to put into a ring for one's self. He'll advertise for it, of course?"

"Yes. He was writing several advertisements to put in the principal papers when I was in his office. He is offering \$500 reward for the return of the ring."

Joe was struck by Mr. Day's words, and after handing his note to Mr. Cannon, he turned to that gentleman's partner and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but are you speaking about a diamond ring that was lost in Wall Street to-day?"

Mr. Day regarded Mr. Hoyt's messenger with a look of surprise.

"Do you know of such a ring having been found?" he asked.

"I found a valuable diamond ring myself less than an hour ago in the gutter, not far from the assay office," replied Joe.

"Have you got it with you?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, drawing it out of his pocket and handing it to the broker.

"That's Hammersley's, without a doubt," said Mr. Day. "You are a fortunate lad to find this, for you'll be \$500 richer as soon as you take it over to him. I'll telephone him that it's been found, and that you'll take it to him."

"I'll be glad to do that, sir, after I carry Mr. Cannon's reply to Mr. Hoyt," said Joe, through whose brain danced the large sum of \$500 mentioned by Broker Day as the amount of the reward Mr. Hammersley intended to give for the return of his diamond ring. While Mr. Cannon was writing the note his partner put the telephone receiver to his ear and asked to be connected with Mr. Hammersley's office.

As soon as he got the broker on the wire he told him about the finding of his ring by James Hoyt's messenger, Joe Castleton, and that the boy would deliver it to him in half an hour. Hammersley was delighted, and said he would be glad to pay the reward of \$500 to the lad. Joe returned to his office, feeling like a bird. He told Mr. Hoyt about his having found Broker Hammersley's lost diamond ring in the street, and asked permission to carry it over to him. His employer told him that he could do so, and so Joe started on his errand. When he reached Mr. Hammersley's office he sent his name in and was told to enter the private office.

"Take a seat," said Mr. Hammersley. "So you found my ring, eh?"

"Yes, sir," producing it and handing it to him.

"I see you are an honest boy, and did not hold back to see what reward would be offered for the return of so valuable a gem. There is a copy of the advertisement I intended inserting in several of the papers. You see, I offered a reward of \$500. Well, it will give me great pleasure to present it to you, hoping that you will make good use of the money."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Hammersley; but I should have returned the ring whether there was a reward for it or not."

"I believe you, my boy; that's why I am glad to hand you the money. That ring is worth nearly \$2,000. Had another person found it, it is quite possible he might have pawned it for all he could get on it, and I should have had consider-

able trouble and expense in getting it back, if I ever did."

The broker got his checkbook and wrote a check to Joe's order for \$500. Castleton accepted it, thanked him again, and took his leave. He fairly hugged himself with delight.

"B. & L. is going at 45. I'll be able to get 100 shares, and take \$50 home to mother. Talk about luck! And I thought I didn't have a bit. This is where I make a stake. I'll bet I'll clear \$1,000 by getting in on the ground floor with the insiders of the syndicate. Just think of what a thousand dollars means to a fellow who has had his nose on the grindstone ever since he began to work down here, over two years ago! Why, I'll be able to buy mother and the girls the new clothes they need so badly, and I can get a new suit for myself. And there are a whole lot of other things we need in the worst way. This is where we get on Easy Street for once in our lives. Mother will be just tickled to death when I dump a wad into her lap and tell her how I came by it. In fact, the \$50 I mean to give her this afternoon will make her smile all over her face. But hold on; I mustn't shout before I've got that thousand in my hands. It doesn't do to count one's chickens before they're hatched."

Mr. Hoyt cashed the check for Joe, and on his way home he stepped into a small bank on Nassau Street, that had a brokerage department for the accommodation of speculators with limited capital, and bought 100 shares of B. & L. at 45. With the memorandum of the transaction in his pocket, and \$50 cash, he went home as happy as a lark.

CHAPTER III.—Joe Gets Out of the Market with a Good Profit.

When the young messenger entered the little flat that he called home, that afternoon about five o'clock, it struck him that his mother looked worried.

"What's the matter, mother?" he asked, bending down and kissing her, as he never failed to do when he got home from his business. "You look as if something had gone wrong."

Mrs. Castleton did not at once reply, but tried to appear very busy with her sewing. Joe put his arms around her and insisted on knowing what it was that troubled her.

"I was short of my rent on the first, and had to put the landlord off," she finally said reluctantly. "He was here again this afternoon for the balance. I did not have it to give him, and he talked harshly to me. He said he wasn't accustomed to call two or three times for his money. He said that if I didn't send it to him by to-morrow, dispossess proceedings would follow."

"He said that, did he?" replied Joe, intensely indignant.

"He did."

"Haven't you always paid him promptly before?"

"I was a week behind last month."

"But he got his money, didn't he?"

"Of course."

"We've lived here two years and you have only been behind these two times?"

"That's all, Joe."

"Then all I can say is that he's a hog, and that it would give me a great deal of pleasure to kick him," said Joe, who was as mad as a hornet. "I won't stand to have anybody abuse you, mother—whether he's the landlord or any one else. How much do you owe him?"

"Five dollars, and I don't see how I can raise it until I get your wages on Saturday."

"You told him that, I suppose?"

"I did."

"And he wasn't satisfied to wait three days?"

"He didn't appear to be."

"All right. We'll move on the first of next month, to some other flat. Let him have his old rooms. There are plenty of flats better than this one for the same money, I'll bet."

"But it will take money to move, Joe, and I really cannot afford to."

"Oh, I think you'll be able to afford to, mother."

"I don't see how. I don't even see how I'll be able to have the full rent on the first for next month. When one gets behind, it is well nigh impossible to pull up. I haven't been as fortunate as usual lately in getting work, and I really don't know what is to become of us if things don't improve."

The little woman, who had kept back her tears with difficulty while explaining the cause of her worriment, now broke down and began to sob. She felt thoroughly discouraged at the outlook, and did not know where to turn for relief.

"Brace up, mother. Things will improve. In fact, they've improved already. I was very lucky to-day. I found a valuable diamond ring in Wall Street this afternoon. It belonged to a wealthy broker named Hammersley. He rewarded me liberally for returning it to him, and I have brought you home fifty dollars to help you get on your feet again."

"Fifty dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Castleton, supposing that was the amount Joe had got from the broker, and to her it was like a small fortune at that critical moment in the family's affairs.

"Yes, fifty dollars. There it is," he added, tossing it into her lap. "Now you can send the landlord his measly five dollars, and pay any other bills that you happen to owe. I also hope you will look around for another flat. I don't care to live in the apartments owned by such a man as our present landlord."

"Oh, Joe, Joe! It looks as though a kind Providence has come to our rescue at the eleventh hour," said Mrs. Castleton, throwing her arms around her son's neck and crying this time tears of real joy.

The dark clouds had suddenly rolled away, leaving a rift through which the sunlight shone down into her worried heart. Joe then sat down and told her how he found the ring, and how he had discovered its owner.

"I think we can afford to have something extra good for supper to-night," he said at the conclusion of his story. "I'll take one of the five dollar bills out and change it. Do you owe the butcher or grocer anything?"

"I owe the grocer seventy cents, dear. You can pay him now and I will give you a list of a few things you can buy."

"All right. Make out your list. I think the girls will appreciate a steak for supper, and I am going to buy one. I feel a bit hungry myself."

"Well, do as you please, but we mustn't be extravagant because we have a few dollars ahead. We shall need every cent of it, especially as I am not earning as much as I have been accustomed to."

"Don't worry about that, mother," said Joe encouragingly. "There's more where that came from."

Mrs. Castleton didn't quite understand what he meant, but she did not press him to explain. She was perfectly satisfied now that she had the money to satisfy the exacting landlord, and quite a little sum in addition with which to meet subsequent emergencies. She wrote a list of things she felt she could not get along without, gave it to her son, and then started to prepare supper. Joe added a few things to the list that his mother had been afraid to put down, so accustomed was she to the most rigid economy. He also went into a candy store and spent a dime on some mixed candies for his three sisters. They each had a sweet tooth, but they didn't often have a chance to satisfy their desire for sweets.

"I hope they won't have an attack of heart failure when I hand them this candy," chuckled Joe. "This is the first they will have had in three months."

His smallest sister—Eva, five years old—when she saw him coming in with his arms full of bundles, a most unusual sight to her young eyes, thought it must be Santa Claus coming out of his time. She ran into the sitting-room as fast as she could to tell her sisters. They immediately flock ed out to see what was in the wind. When they found that they were going to have a nice steak for supper they were delighted beyond measure, for they were accustomed to only the cheapest kind of meat, and not any too much of that. The eldest, who was fourteen and understood their rather straitened circumstances, wondered where the money had suddenly sprung from to account for the liberal supplies that appeared on the scene. She naturally took the first opportunity to question her mother on the subject, and then learned about the finding of the diamond ring by her brother in Wall Street, and how he had \$50 for restoring it to the owner.

If the little mother had known that it was \$500 instead of \$50 that her son had got, and that he had put \$450 of it into a stock deal that he believed would net him a clear thousand, she would probably have been overpowered by this favorable turn of Fortune's wheel. Some mothers, no doubt, would have thought that Joe had made a reckless use of the \$450, and would have scolded him, perhaps but Mrs. Castleton was not one of that kind. She looked upon her big boy as the man of the house, and she believed everything he did was all right. While Joe was aware of this, he did not confess the truth, as he was so sure of winning a nice wad of money that he had planned to give her and his sisters a tremendous surprise when the event was pulled off. The candy, of course, was quite a surprise to the girls, and each gave Joe a big hug before they retired in a body to the sitting-room to sample it. Next day Joe enjoyed the new sensation of a strong personal interest in the movement of the market.

B. & L., however, remained stationary, despite the fact that quite a little business was done in the shares. On Friday the noticeable activity in

the stock began to attract some attention from the brokers, but the price did not advance more than five-eighths of a point. The following day was Saturday, and during the two-hour session of the Exchange B. & L. went to 46 1-8, which was the closing figure. Monday morning, about eleven, when Joe went to the Exchange to deliver a note to Mr. Hoyt, he saw Ike Thacker and several of his cronies hanging around the messengers' entrance. When he came outside after delivering his note he was suddenly greeted with a shower of dirt and small stones that landed with unpleasant accuracy on his face, neck and shoulders. A shout of derisive laughter followed, and when Joe turned to ascertain who his assailants were he found Thacker and his pals lined up on the curb, apparently ready for business. There were five of them altogether, and a formidable combination for one boy to go up against.

"Come on, you lobster," cried Ike. "Here's your chance to polish me off."

"Jump in and tackle him, Ike," encouraged one of his friends.

"Knock his block off. He hain't got no friends," ejaculated another.

Joe surveyed the odds against him, and he saw that if he didn't begin hostilities they would, so he made a sudden rush at Thacker and handed him a straight one on the jaw that landed him on his back in the street. Then he drew off and started warily up the street before the others recovered from their surprise. It was only a moment, however, before the whole gang, with Thacker in the rear, followed Joe, intent on taking vengeance on him. Seeing that he couldn't escape a mix-up, Joe backed against the wall of a New Street office building, and a moment later the crowd rushed upon him. Castleton was perfectly cool and determined, while his opponents, in their eagerness to land on him, interfered with one another. Joe smashed one-red-headed chap in the eye with a force that damaged that member considerably, while he reached another with an upper cut that made his teeth rattle in a painful way. He received two glancing blows on the face himself, and returned two very effective ones. The scrap lasted only one round, and a short one at that, for a policeman suddenly caught on from Wall Street and started for the combatants, but Joe had had all the advantage of the encounter. In fact, he was feeling surprised at his good luck when one of the onlookers, an A.D.T. messenger, yelled:

"Look out! Here comes a cop!"

In a moment Thacker and his pals broke away, caught sight of the officer, and hustled off down the street to beat the band. Joe was left to square himself with the policeman, which he had no difficulty in doing, for the man knew him and accepted his explanation. When Joe got back to the office he had nothing to do for a while, and he got a chance to look at the tape. At noon it was up another point, and when the Exchange closed at three it was ruling at 49.

"I'm \$400 to the good so far in this deal," said Joe to himself when he saw the final quotation of B. & L. for the day. "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high. I wonder what Carrie would say if I told her? Well, it's too soon to spring it on her yet. I don't mean to tell her or any one else until I've closed out at a profit."

The newspapers next morning had something to say about B. & L., and during the day there was increased activity in the shares, though not so many changed hands as the syndicate had the bulk of them in its control. When the Exchange closed that day, Joe found that he was more than \$600 ahead of the game. All day Wednesday Joe was kept unusually busy on account of a press of business in the office caused by a rising market. At two o'clock B. & L. took a sudden boom and went to 57 during the hour.

"I wonder if I hadn't better sell out?" thought Joe, when he saw that quotation after the Exchange had closed. "At present figures, I'd be in over \$1,100 after deducting all expenses."

The prospect of making a couple of hundred more dollars deterred him from closing out that day, and he went home without taking any action. During the evening he came to the conclusion that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and he decided to sell out in the morning. He found no chance to go to the bank after he reached the office, and during the morning he was on pins and needles lest something might happen to send the stock he was interested in downward. When he carried a note to the Exchange at half-past eleven he saw the floor was wildly excited over B. & L., and from the number of shares that were changing hands he came to the conclusion that the syndicate was unloading its holdings. The stock had already gone up to 60 3-8. When he came out of the Exchange he decided to take the time necessary to run up to the bank and close his deal. He could not tell how long this might take—all depended on the number of customers waiting to be attended to. However, he had \$1,500 profit at stake, and that was worth taking chances for. He lost half an hour at the bank, but got his order in all right, and was told that his 100 shares would be sold inside of a quarter of an hour. When he got back to the office the cashier wanted to know what had kept him away so long, and Joe said he had been detained on some private business he had undertaken to transact.

The cashier shook his head disapprovingly, but said nothing more, and in a few minutes he was sent out again. An hour later B. & L. unexpectedly took on a slump, and when Joe heard of it he congratulated himself on having taken time by the forelock. Next morning he received a statement and a check which showed that he had made \$1,565 out of his deal, and perhaps he wasn't the happiest boy in Wall Street!

CHAPTER IV.—Joe's Presence of Mind Saves the Life of Dora Kane.

"Am I dreaming or am I really wide awake?" Joe asked himself, as he looked at the check for \$2,015, representing his deposit and his profits in the B. & L. deal. "Is this wealth really all mine, to do with as I feel like? It reads straight enough—pay to the order of Joseph Castleton the sum of two thousand—just think of it, two thousand and fifteen dollars! It's only about ten days ago that I stood at the entrance of the Ajax building with a solitary dime in my hand, and that was all the money I owned in the world at

the time. And even that dime was something of a luxury to me. Now I'm worth two thousand dollars! It really doesn't seem possible, and yet I dare say stranger things than this are happening every day in the world. Why, when I tell mother, she'll have a spasm of some kind. This is where I have it on Carrie. I'll just run in and show—"

He was interrupted by a messenger boy who brought a note for Mr. Hoyt.

"You'll find him at the Exchange," said Joe, after looking at the note.

"Suppose you take it to him, you're doin' nothin'," said the messenger. "I've got another letter to take to South Street."

"Tell the cashier," said Castleton. "If he says I'm to take it, I will."

The cashier took the envelope and then called Joe to carry it to the Exchange. So the boy had to postpone enlightening the stenographer about his good luck for the present. On his way up Wall Street he passed Ike Thacker, hustling along with a message. Thacker scowled and edged away, as if afraid Joe might tackle him. Castleton had no intention of wasting any time on the young bully. He went straight on to the Exchange and handed his note to Mr. Hoyt, who read it and dismissed him with a short nod. As he was about to leave, Frank Webster came in with a note to the managing clerk of his office, who represented Broker Dayton at the Exchange.

"Hello, Frank! I'll wait for you," said Joe.

Frank joined him at the door in a few minutes.

"The day I found that diamond ring I told you I had a tip on a certain stock. Do you remember?"

Webster nodded.

"That stock was B. & L., the one that boomed to 61 and then went on the tobog, yesterday afternoon."

"What about it, Joe?"

"I made \$1,500 out of the boom."

"How could you?" You told me that you didn't have a cent to back your tip."

"I told you the truth at the time, but I got \$500 for returning that ring I found in the gutter."

"You told me the next day that you found the owner and got a reward, but you didn't tell me how much you got. Was it really?"

"Yes, it was really \$500, and I immediately bought 100 shares of B. & L. at 45. I held on to it until an hour before the slump and sold at 60 5-8. Here's the evidence," and Joe pulled out his statement and check and showed them to Webster.

"You're rich," replied Frank, after he had glanced at the documents. "I'm glad you did so well. Your tip turned out all right, didn't it?"

"I told you that it was a winner. I also told you that if you had any money I could put you next to a good thing. Well, I meant B. & L. If you'd bought only ten shares you'd have stood to win \$150, and the margin on ten shares would only have been \$445."

"That may be, Joe, but a fellow doesn't often have such luck as that. Most of the time he'd lose his \$445. I suppose you'll bank the money."

"The first thing I'm going to do is to make my mother happy with \$500 of it."

"That's a good idea," said Webster. "I guess she can make good use of it."

"And the balance I'm going to use to make a million of."

"A million!" exclaimed Frank, looking at his companion wonderingly.

"Exactly—a million," replied Joe coolly.

"You're joking."

"No, I'm not. There's money to be made in the market, and I'm looking for my share."

"You're foolish, Joe. If I had the stake you've made I'd hold on to it with both hands. I'd put it into a savings bank and let it earn four per cent. interest, compounded every six months. It's a safe way to make money. I've figured out that one dollar remaining in a savings bank will increase in value to one dollar and forty-eight cents. If you put your fifteen hundred dollars in a bank it will amount to fifteen hundred times that in ten years. Just figure it up when you get time."

"How long would it take me to make a million at that rate?" grinned Castleton. "If I put that money in a savings bank it would earn probably seven hundred dollars in ten years. If I put it up on 200 shares of some stock that I had good reason to know was likely to advance five points, and it did advance the five points, I'd make a thousand dollars right off the reel."

"But look at the risk you'd be taking."

"Nothing ventured nothing gained, Frank. The difference between us is that I've got nerve enough to take a chance and you haven't."

"Most of the persons who take chances in the stock market land in the poor-house."

"I won't say they don't, but that's because they don't make a proper study of the business. Well, here's where we break away. Just mark the fact down in your notebook for future reference that one of these days I'll be worth a million."

With those words, Joe entered his office. The first chance he got to speak to the stenographer was about half-past twelve, when she stopped work to eat her lunch. Joe had brought his down as usual, only there was more to it of late, and he hauled a chair up alongside the girl's table.

"Well, Carrie, how much do you suppose I made on that tip of mine?"

"What tip?"

"Don't you remember when I came in here and showed you that diamond ring I found and which I afterward told you I returned to its owner, Mr. Hammersley, that I said I had acquired a valuable tip on a certain stock?"

"Oh, yes, I remember now. So you did make something out of it after all."

"Sure I did. I made fifteen hundred simoleons."

"Fifteen hundred what?"

"Dollars."

"You tell it very nicely, Joe."

"Don't you credit my statement?"

"Well, hardly. How would you be able to make so much money?"

"I bought one hundred shares of the stock. It went up something over fifteen points. Fifteen times one hundred, see?"

"It sounds all right," laughed the stenographer. "But if my recollection is right, you told me at the time that the whole of your funds amounted to just one dime. How could you buy or put up the margin on one hundred shares of any stock?"

"I got \$500 from Mr. Hammersley for returning him his ring, and I used the bulk of that to buy the shares."

"Is that true?"

"Sure as you live. I was in on B. & L., the stock that the brokers were so excited about during the fore part of this week, and which went to smash yesterday afternoon. I sold out an hour before the slump, and so was one of the lucky birds."

He showed her his check for \$2,015, and she was convinced that the young messenger was an extremely fortunate boy. Mr. Hoyt happened to come in at that moment and he rang for Joe.

"No rest for the weary, is there, Miss Peters?" said the boy, putting the chair in its place and making a line for the private office.

"I want you to take this letter to Hanover Street. If Mr. Wilson is in there will be an answer," said Mr. Hoyt.

"If he's out, I'm not to wait for him, I suppose?"

"No. Get back as soon as you can."

So Castleton started for Hanover Street. He found the number, which was an old-fashioned five-story office building.

"What floor is Mr. Wilson's office on?" he asked the elevator boy.

"Third."

Joe stepped into the cage, the boy shut the door and pulled up the wire rope which started the elevator. This rope worked the reverse way. It went up slowly compared with the swift up-to-date elevators in modern buildings. At the third floor the boy pulled down on the rope and stopped the cage to let his passenger off. Joe found Mr. Wilson in, delivered the letter, got a reply, and returned to the corridor to take the elevator down. At that moment the elevator was coming up with a passenger—a very pretty young lady named Dora Kane, daughter of one of the tenants of the third floor. When the cage reached the corridor where Castleton was standing, the attendant stopped it and opened the sliding gate for the young lady to get out. As she was in the act of doing so, something happened to the machinery that caused the cage to start suddenly upward. The elevator boy became rattled and did not seem to know what to do. Dora lost her balance and, with a piercing scream, fell partly out of the elevator.

In another moment she would have been crushed to death but for Castleton, who sprang forward, seized the wire rope and pulled desperately at it. The machine stopped just in the nick of time.

CHAPTER V.—Joe Surprises the Family.

It happened that Mr. Rufus Kane, Dora's father, came out of his office, followed by his stenographer, at that thrilling moment. He saw his child's perilous predicament and, with an exclamation of mingled horror and anguish, he rushed toward the elevator. Castleton's presence of mind and prompt action, however, had prevented a tragedy. As soon as the cage was stationary, Joe yelled to the attendant not to start the elevator downward, for fear it might work wrong. He climbed quickly up the outside of the latticed iron framework and, throwing one arm firmly around the imperilled girl, while he clung to the framework with the other hand, he drew

her free of the cage and her father caught her in his arms.

"My darling, you are not hurt, are you?" Mr. Kane said in feverish anxiety.

"No, papa," replied Dora faintly, for she was suffering from the shock she had sustained.

"Thank Heaven for that. This brave lad undoubtedly saved your life by his promptness in seizing the rope and stopping the cage. Come into the office, Dora, and sit down until you recover yourself. Don't go, young man," he added to Joe. "I want to see you."

He grasped Castleton by the arm and led him toward his office while his stenographer supported the trembling Dora. As soon as the girl was seated in a leather armchair, Mr. Kane turned to the young messenger.

"What is your name, young man?"

"Joseph Castleton."

"You are employed in this neighborhood, I should judge?"

"Yes, sir. I am messenger for James Hoyt, stock broker, of No. — Wall Street."

"Well, my lad, I hope you understand that I am deeply grateful to you for saving my daughter's life."

"Yes, sir. I know you must be. I am glad that I was on hand to be of service to her."

"You showed wonderful presence of mind in a terrible emergency, Castleton. My daughter will never forget the debt she owes you. As soon as she has recovered from her fright she will thank you for herself."

"I'm afraid I cannot wait, Mr. —"

"My name is Kane."

"Mr. Kane, as I have a message to carry back to the office from Mr. Wilson on this floor. So I hope you'll excuse me from remaining any longer."

"Just wait a moment. Dora, my dear, do you think you can speak to the young man who saved you from being crushed in the elevator?"

"Yes, papa."

She held out her hand to Joe and looked gratefully into his face.

"I shall never forget what you have done for me, Mr. Castleton. I am sure you saved me from a terrible death. I shudder to think of the narrow escape I had. You must let papa and I know you better. You will call and see us at our home. Mother will want to thank you, too, when she learns how indebted I am to you. Promise me you will call on us. Papa, give Mr. Castleton our address."

Joe promised, for he was rather glad than otherwise to have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with so pretty a girl as Dora Kane. He returned to his office feeling that he had acquitted himself well under trying circumstances, and had acquired a friend of some importance in Mr. Kane. He managed to find a chance to get to the bank-on Nassau Street before three o'clock and exchanged his check for a certificate of deposit for \$1,500, and \$515 in cash. On his way home he bought four boxes of candy—one for his mother and one for each of his sisters.

"This will be quite a little surprise of itself," he chuckled, and will pave the way for the bigger one I have to spring on mother."

His oldest sister was helping her mother on a new dress that was under way for herself, and the two younger ones were reading, when he arrived. Little Eva looked with childish inquisitiveness at the package he laid on the table and wanted to know what was in it.

"Something good. Come here and give me a kiss, and you shall have some."

As Eva regarded this a very cheap way of catching on to the good thing, she immediately complied. Joe then opened the package and handed her one of the boxes of candy.

"That's all for yourself. There are three other boxes for mother, Edith and Fanny."

He distributed the candy—first to his mother, then to Fanny, the eldest of the girls, and the third box to Edith.

"Why, Joe, what does this sudden extravagance mean?" exclaimed his mother in surprise. "Where did you get the money to buy all this candy? These four boxes must have cost you a dollar at any rate, for it looks like good candy."

"Never mind what they cost, mother," laughed her son. "Sail in and sample the sweets."

"You didn't find another diamond ring, did you, brother?" smiled Fanny.

"No. Lightning doesn't usually strike in the same place twice. Still, I'm in luck, just the same. Now, mother, can you stand a surprise?"

"What kind of a surprise?" she asked with some interest, while the two elder girls pricked up their ears, anxious to hear what was coming.

"Oh, a big one."

"It must be a pleasant one, from the expression of your face," said Mrs. Castleton smilingly.

"It certainly is."

"Then I shall be glad to learn what it is."

"To begin with, here is a present for you," and Joe tossed a wad of bills representing \$500 into her lap.

"My goodness, Joe, did you find this?" she cried, picking the roll up and noticing that the outside bill was a twenty dollar one.

All the girls gathered around to see how much was in the wad.

"Count it, mother," said Joe, not answering her question.

As she turned over twenty-dollar bill after twenty-dollar bill until she had counted twenty-five of them her surprise grew proportionately.

"Five hundred dollars," she ejaculated at last.

"Yes, mother," said Joe beamingly. "That's the first present of any importance I have ever been able to give you."

"Why, where did you get this money?"

"I made it."

"You made it!" she exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes, mother, and over a thousand more, in the stock market yesterday."

"Why, Joe, how could you?" she asked in utter amazement.

Then he told the whole story—how he had received \$500 instead of the \$50 he had given her two weeks since from Mr. Hammersly for returning the ring, and how, having got hold of what he regarded as a sure tip on B. & L. stock, he had put \$450 of the money up as margin on 100 shares. The stock had proved to be a winner and he had cleared \$1,565 on it. He showed her

the certificate of deposit for \$1,500, made out in his name, and \$14 cash he had in his pocket.

"Now, mother, I think we're on Easy Street. No more worrying for you after this. That wad will make a little bank account for you to fall back on, and the \$1,500 I hope to double before long. One of these days we'll own our own home, and then we'll be able to put on a little style. Fanny needn't go to work now, as we expected she'd have to do, but can go to the High School, if she wants to. As for you, mother, I don't think you need bother hunting for dressmaking. You can oblige your old customers for a while, but as soon as I get a little further ahead you must quit the business entirely. I will support the house, and all you need do is to look after it and the girls."

It was some time before the excitement attendant on Joe's story quieted down. The very fact that they had now a few hundred dollars at their back, and no longer obliged to live from hand to mouth as they had been accustomed to do for so long, was a distinctly unusual sensation for the little family, and it took time for them to realize the full significance of it. Then Joe told them how he had saved Miss Dora Kane from being crushed to death in the elevator of the building where her father had his office. Mrs. Castleton shuddered at her son's recital of the girl's narrow escape.

"It was providential," she said, "that you were on hand to stop the elevator. Had you not been there the girl would surely have been killed."

"There's little doubt of it, mother. She had such a close call, as it was, that there was scarcely room between the top of the opening and the floor of the elevator, where she was caught, to drag her through."

Between the improvement in the family's resources and Joe's narrative of his rescue of the girl there was enough to talk about until bedtime came around, and the Castleton's retired feeling happier than they had been for many a long day.

CHAPTER VI.—Joe Goes in Partnership with Elsie Webster on a Deal.

The story of Joe's rescue of Dora Kane was in the morning papers, somewhat to the lad's surprise, who wondered how the reporters had heard about the matter. There is precious little, however, that escapes the attention of some member of the newspaper fraternity in a big city like New York. They are here, there and everywhere about town, and generally manage to pick up everything of a startling or unusual nature that happens.

At any rate, the incident in question was duly chronicled with sufficient accuracy, though no newspaper man had been on the scene when the affair happened. During the day Joe received a dainty note from Dora Kane, in which she expressed her gratitude all over again, and in more pronounced terms. She said that as Joe had not stated when he would call at her home, she ventured to suggest that he would utilize the ensuing Sunday evening for that purpose. She concluded by saying that she hoped they would become very good friends.

"I hope so, too," Joe said to himself, as he put the note in his pocket.

He read that note over several times that day, and before he went home he bought a new, though not expensive, suit of clothes, and sundry other things that he considered necessary to improve his personal appearance, and after an early tea Sunday afternoon he put in considerable extra time over his toilet before starting for the Kane residence on Madison Avenue. His reception by Dora, as well as by her father and mother, was all that he could have desired. Mrs. Kane expressed her gratitude in a feeling way, and made a good deal of the young messenger. Dora herself, looking quite charming in a pretty gown, was of course the chief attraction for Joe, and she proceeded to monopolize his society in a way that gave the boy considerable satisfaction. Before Joe took his leave Mr. Kane presented him with a handsome set of diamond cuff buttons, and told him that if at any time he could be of service to him, he hoped Castleton would let him know. He was invited to call soon again, and Dora, who went to the door with him, wanted to know when she might expect him.

"How would next Sunday evening do?" asked Joe.

"It will do nicely. I shall expect to see you at eight o'clock."

The matter being thus arranged, Joe bade her good-night and started for home.

Frank Webster's sister Elsie was a public stenographer. She had an office in one of the big Wall Street buildings, employed three or four typewriters, and carried on quite a paying business.

Joe dropped in to see her occasionally.

She was always glad to have him do so.

Her brother had told her how Joe protected him from the aggressions of the rougher messengers of the Street, and she was grateful to him for it, for Frank was very dear to her.

On the day following his visit to the Kanes, Joe carried a message to a broker on the same floor of the building where Elsie Webster had her office, and he thought he'd pay her a flying visit, as he had no answer to take back to his own office. Accordingly, he rapped on her door and entered.

"Good morning, Miss Elsie," he said, walking up to her desk.

"Good morning, Joe. You are very good to drop in and see me."

There were three other girls in the room busily at work, but they all looked at Castleton, and one of them, who had been introduced to him, smiled at the good-looking boy and thereby became an object of envy to her less-favored sisters.

"You seem to be busy this morning," said Joe, looking around the room and noting the piles of work on the girls' tables.

"Yes, I have about all I can do at present," replied Elsie Webster.

"It is a good thing to be able to say that. Nothing like having the money roll in."

"I understand that you've just done pretty well in that direction yourself," said Elsie with a smile. "Frank told me that you made over \$1,500 out of the recent rise in some stock."

"That's right. I had a tip on B. & L., and it panned out in great shape. I suppose Frank told you how I got the money to start the ball rolling."

"Oh, yes. You found a valuable diamond ring and got \$500 for taking it back to the owner."

Joe nodded.

"It's funny how it happened to be my luck to pick it up. Frank was with me at the time, and he didn't see the ring at all. In fact, I shouldn't have noticed it only that I saw the sunlight sparkling on something in the gutter, and I looked to see what caused it. I dare say scores of people passed near that ring before we came along, and yet nobody saw it."

"Some people are more fortunate than others in finding things," said Elsie. "Well, I'm glad you did so well in the market. By the way, Frank said you told him that you expected to make a million in Wall Street."

"I hope to one of these days," replied Joe, with a grin. "Sounds like a dream, doesn't it?"

"A million is a lot of money," said Elsie.

"It is quite a bit. If I make it I can say that I began with a dime, because that was the extent of my capital the day I found the ring."

"From a dime to a million is a big jump."

"I've got fifteen hundred towards it, at any rate, after giving my mother five hundred and fifty."

"Perhaps I can help you to double that," said Elsie.

"How could you?"

"Well, I think I've secured a good tip myself," she answered in a low tone.

"What is your pointer, if you don't mind telling me?" asked Joe, much interested.

"I am not sure that it would be doing right for me to mention it, as it came to me this morning in the line of my work. It might be considered as betraying the interests of a customer."

"If you don't think it is right to mention it, don't do it," replied Joe. "Still, there might be no harm in small fry like you and I taking advantage of any bit of inside information that came our way. What is the nature of the pointer?"

"It is a letter which I was told to typewrite myself and deliver as soon as possible, and refers to the consolidation of two railroads. It says that the stock of the merged road will go up twenty points before the month is out."

"That looks like a tip worth having," said Joe eagerly. "What's the matter with you and I going in on this thing together? You must have some spare money by this time that you have no immediate use for. See how easily I made \$1,500 in two weeks out of \$450 because I was so fortunate as to get hold of a winning tip. You ought to be able to do as well. You'd make more money that way than out of your business. I'll help you do it, too. You shall have the advantage of my general knowledge of the stock market which I have been studying up for months. I'll work the deal, and we'll divvy proportionately on the profits. What do you say?"

Elsie hesitated. The way Joe put the matter before her was very tempting, to say the least. Besides she was somewhat desirous of repaying Castleton for the interest he displayed toward

her brother, and this seemed to be the opportunity to do so. Finally she said:

"I'll let you read the letter and you can see if there really is anything in it. If there is, I might be persuaded to risk the little money I have accumulated."

She produced the letter in question, and Joe read it through. He saw right away that it was a piece of valuable advance information relating to the consolidation of the C. & P. road, a small connecting independent line, with the B. & O. system.

The big road would scarcely be affected by the merger, but the stock and bonds of the C. & P. were bound to increase in value. Joe remembered to have read something about such a project being in contemplation, but nothing had since appeared in print relating to the matter. Now it appeared that the matter had been put through on the quiet. He had no doubt but that the people on the inside had already bought up all of the C. & P. shares in sight, or were doing so as fast as possible.

"This is a good thing, Miss Elsie, the only question being whether we'll be able to get any of the C. & P. stock. Still, as the writer is advising his friend to look around for some, it is possible there may be shares enough floating around for us to get in on a few. Shall we go partners on this thing, or don't you want me to touch it?"

"How much money will it take to make a little something out of it?"

"It won't take much to buy a few hundred shares on margin, as it seems that C. & P., according to this letter, is going at 40. How much can you put up?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

"That would get you 60 shares, provided they are for sale."

"Very well. Can you come around after lunch? I'll have the money then."

"If I can, I will. At any rate, I'll be around after half-past three."

"Very well."

"I'll try and get 400 shares. If I succeed, I'll let you have the profit on twenty of mine in consideration of getting the tip from you. That will give you a fifth interest in the deal."

"No, no. I only want the profit on what I'm able to secure myself. You've been a very good friend to my brother, and this is the way I make it up to you."

"Nonsense, Miss Elsie! You must have a fifth of the winnings, if we come out ahead. I think you are entitled to as much as that."

They had a little argument over the matter, and the girl finally yielded the point. Then Joe returned to his office. He got a chance to drop in on Elsie at two o'clock. She had the money ready for him.

"Remember, we're partners, Miss Elsie. It's a great pleasure for me to have so charming an associate in a stock deal."

"Oh, go along!" blushed the girl. "You're jollying me."

"I'm not jollying you a bit. I'll leave it to Frank. Ask him if I haven't always said that you're the nicest girl in Wall Street."

"You're the biggest kind of a flatterer, Joe, and I don't mean to listen to any more of your non-

sense," replied Elsie, with another rosy blush. Castleton, however, knew she was pleased just the same, and he chuckled as he took his leave. That afternoon he placed an order with the little bank on Nassau Street for the purchase of 400 shares of C. & P. at the market. Two days later he got word that the shares had been secured, and were held by the bank subject to his orders.

CHAPTER VII.—Ike Thacker Puts Joe in a Bad Box.

Joe now kept his eyes on the ticker for signs of an advance in C. & P. He did not believe it would go up much until the announcement of the merger had been made public. He sent word by mail to Elsie that the bank had got the stock, and that there was nothing to do but await developments. Elsie had requested him to hold all communications with her on the matter either in person or by letter through the post, as she did not want her brother to know that she had a deal on with Joe. Joe was now getting into the habit of eating his lunch at a quick lunch counter instead of bringing sandwiches down town as he had formerly done when his finances were ~~such~~ such a low ebb. He was not always fortunate in being able to eat at a stated time. When business was particularly brisk he was busy almost every moment up to three o'clock; when things were slow, he'd lunch about one o'clock. Quite often he and Frank went to lunch together. On the day he sent the letter to Elsie he looked in at Davison's office about a quarter to one to see if Webster was ready to go to lunch.

Frank, however, was out on an errand, so he went to the eating-house alone. Ike Thacker was there at the time and saw him enter, though Joe did not see Ike. Thacker was not anxious to be recognized by Castleton, so he bent his head down over his plate. When he looked up he saw that Joe had taken a seat at the counter alongside of a stout man with a red face. Ike noticed a red pocketbook protruding from the stout man's side pocket, and he wondered if there was money in it. He only got a glimpse of it, for the aisle was full of people constantly passing. It struck him, however, that it would be an easy matter for an expert to steal the red pocketbook.

"If I was sittin' where Castleton is, I believe I could swipe it myself," he said to himself.

That thought put an idea into his head. He hated Joe bitterly. Here was the chance, he thought, if he was smart, to get Castleton into serious trouble. He was so anxious to accomplish such an end that he did not pause to let the idea cool. He hurriedly finished his coffee, got up, walked over to the counter in the rush, and, as he passed the man, he put out his hand, grabbed the red pocketbook with his fingers, pulled it out of the man's pocket and stuffed it into his own. Then he made a bee-line for the washroom. There was no one there at the moment and he quickly pulled the wallet out and examined it. There were a lot of papers and two new \$5 bills, each having a pen mark in the corner in red ink. He replaced the papers and stuffed the bills in his own pocket. Several customers came into the washroom at that moment

and Ike made his way back to the lunch room. Passing down the aisle again, he stopped behind Joe and deftly slipped the red wallet into his pocket. As an excuse for his presence at the counter he called for a slice of pie and began to eat it standing up, like several others were doing who could not find seats. He grinned and congratulated himself that he had not been observed. At the same time he was considering how he would be able to complete his plan of letting the stout man understand that Castleton had his pocketbook. He wanted to do it in such a way as not to attract Joe's attention to him. As luck would have it, circumstances favored him. Joe finished his meal before the stout man and started with his check for the pay counter. Then Ike bent over and said to the man:

"Mister, I think I seen that boy sittin' next to you take your pocketbook."

The stout man clapped his hand to his jacket pocket and, finding that his wallet was gone, jumped off his stool and grabbed Thacker by the arm.

"Who did you see take it?" he demanded excitedly.

"I think I seen that boy in the brown derby by the cash counter take it, but I ain't sure," he answered.

The stout man rushed forward and caught Joe just as he was going out at the door.

"Hold on a moment," he said roughly. "Come back here. I want you?"

"What do you want?" demanded Joe not relishing the man's words and attitude.

"I want the red pocketbook you stole from my pocket," replied the stout man, dragging him toward where the manager of the lunch-room stood.

"I gues you're crazy," cried Castleton, putting up considerable resistance.

"Am I? We'll see about that," answered the man doggedly, gripping the boy firmer.

The incident, of course, attracted immediate attention in the crowded restaurant, and the manager stepped forward to see what the trouble was.

"I've lost my wallet," blustered the stout man, "and I believe this boy, who sat next to me, has taken it."

"I don't know anything about your wallet," cried Joe indignantly. "Take your hands off my jacket."

"I want him searched," roared the stout man to the manager.

"You won't search me," replied Joe resolutely. "I'm not a thief. I guess you've seen me in here before," he added to the manager.

The manager, however, didn't remember Castleton's face, as he hadn't been coming to the lunch-house very long. A crowd was now forming about the boy, his accuser and the manager, on the outskirts of which stood Thacker, highly delighted at the success of his wicked plan. A short, square-built man worked his way up beside Ike and seemed interested in what was going on.

"What kind of pocketbook was it?" asked a man in the front line.

"It was a long, red pocketbook," replied the stout man.

"There's something like that in the boy's right

hand pocket," said the man who had asked the question, pointing.

The manager looked in the indicated direction, saw the end of the wallet and pulled it out of Joe's pocket.

"It that your pocketbook?" he asked the stout man.

"Yes. I knew he had it. Call a policeman and have him arrested."

"Hold on," said the manager, as Joe, speechless with surprise, said not a word. "Can you describe the contents of your wallet?"

"Sure I can. There are a lot of papers in it, and two new \$5 bills. I marked a cross in the corner of each one with red ink, for a purpose of my own."

The manager opened the wallet. There were many papers but no money. The absence of the money cast a doubt about the matter.

"There are no bills here," he said.

"No bills!" gasped the man. "There must be, or else the boy has taken them out."

"Look here, young man," said the manager, looking at Castleton, "is this your wallet?"

"No, sir," replied the bewildered Joe.

"How came it to be in your pocket, then?"

"Blessed if I know! Somebody must have put it there."

"Of course," sneered the stout man. "Haven't you found those bills in it?" addressing the manager.

"There's no money at all in this wallet."

"Let me see."

"Wait a moment. Can you describe any of the papers?"

The stout man described several exactly, and there seemed to be no doubt that the wallet was his property.

"Have you got this man's money in your pocket, young man?" asked the manager sternly.

"No, sir," replied Joe, who was overwhelmed by the fact that the wallet had been found in his pocket, for which he could not possibly account.

"Are you willing to be searched, or shall I send for a policeman and give you in charge?"

"It's your duty to send for an officer, anyway," said the stout man. "I want to make a charge against this young rascal."

By this time a crowd had gathered outside and was blocking the doorway. Inside there was considerable excitement and confusion, and persons wanting to leave could not reach the cashier's desk. At that moment a policeman on the beat, who knew Joe, forced his way into the restaurant and took a hand in the proceedings.

"Well," he said, "what's the trouble?"

"This boy stole my pocketbook. I want him arrested," spoke up the stout man.

"I guess you've made a mistake, haven't you?" he said, recognizing Castleton. "I know this lad. He's Broker Hoyt's messenger. I guess he would not take your pocketbook."

"It was found in his possession all right," replied the stout man aggressively.

"What have you to say, Joe?" asked the officer, who didn't believe the boy was guilty. "Was the pocketbook found on you?"

"Yes, and I don't understand how it got into my pocket. I didn't put it there."

"You don't suppose he'd admit anything, do you?" said the stout man sarcastically. "Thieves never do. I demand that you arrest him. I will accompany you to the station and make the charge."

The policeman was in a quandary. He didn't want to arrest Joe, but he saw he would be obliged to do so if the accuser insisted.

"Where's the pocketbook?" he asked.

"Here it is," said the manager. "The gentleman has identified it with one exception. He claims there ought to be two \$5 bills in it, but there are none."

"The boy has taken them out," insisted the stout man.

"No, he didn't," said a voice back in the crowd. "I've got the real thief here."

Immediately there was seen to be a struggle going on in the direction of the voice. The disturbance was of only momentary duration, and then a small, square-built man, holding firmly on to Ike Thacker by the arm, pushed his way forward.

"Here's the fellow who took your pocketbook," he said to the stout man.

The policeman recognized the square-built man as one of the Wall Street detectives who did duty in plain clothes.

"How do you know?" asked the stout man suspiciously, fancying the detective might be a pal of the accused. "The wallet was found—"

"In that boy's pocket. Exactly. I saw this chap put it there, and I've been watching him to see what his little game was."

"It's a lie! I never had the pocketbook," said the pallid-faced Ike, who looked guilty, if ever a boy did.

"All right, young man," replied the detective coolly. "I believe there are two \$5 bills missing from the wallet. Davis," to the policeman, "search him."

In spite of his protestations and struggles, Ike was searched and the two new \$5 bills brought to light.

"Does that look like your money?" the detective asked the stout man.

"Yes. Those are the bills. There are the crosses in red ink I spoke about."

"Can you swear to them?"

"Yes, I can swear to them."

"Very good," said the detective, taking the wallet and the bills. "Come with me, then, and make the charge you were so eager to make against the other lad."

The policeman made a lane for them through the crowd, while Joe began to receive the congratulations of many who had at first believed him to be guilty. He got outside and away from the scene as soon as he could. Having recognized Thacker, he had no doubt but Ike had deliberately put the job up on him to get him into jail, if possible.

"That was a mighty mean thing for him to do, but it seems it reacted on himself like a boomerang. He was a fool to take the money out of the wallet before he put it in my pocket. That detective must have seen him do it. Well, he's put himself in a pretty bad hole. The chances are he'll go to the Island for that, if he isn't sent

to some reformatory. At any rate, I guess he'll be out of Wall Street for good, and I'm not a bit sorry to be rid of him."

Joe having watched the detective, his prisoner, the stout man, and the crowd that followed at their heels, out of sight, turned around and went back to the office.

Ike Thacker spent the night in the Tombs, and was brought up for examination at the police court next morning. His defence was so shallow that the magistrate committed him to the Protectory for the balance of his minority.

Two days later the consolidation of the C. & P. with the B. & O. was officially announced and there was a rush by the brokers to buy shares of the former road. As a consequence the stock advanced rapidly and Joe sold out at 60, clearing \$8,000, and paying over to Elsie Webster \$1,600 as her shares of the transaction. The girl was delighted at her luck. A week later Joe made his mother move to a better flat in a finer neighborhood.

Shortly after Joe received a tip on D. & G., and bought 1,000 shares. In three days the stock advanced five points, and Joe sold out, advancing his capital to \$12,000.

The boy messenger's next haul was in I. & C., in which he made \$15,000. He was now worth \$27,000.

CHAPTER VIII.—Joe Gets A Pointer On The Operations Of A Syndicate.

Joe hired a box in a Wall Street safe deposit vault, at a cost of \$5 a year, and stowed away the twenty-seven \$1,000 bills which represented his capital. For some time not a day passed but he thought with satisfaction of that money lying there at his command, and he contrasted his present resources with the hard times he had formerly been up against.

"It isn't so long ago that I had to bring down a couple of sandwiches, with an occasional slice of pie, for my midday meal, while now I could go out and eat of the fat of the land if I was so disposed. The change in my circumstances has come about as quick as a transformation scene at a theatre. Seems almost too good to be true, and yet it is true. I have only to look at the key of my safe deposit box to realize that it is a solid fact."

Carrie Peters soon noticed that Joe didn't eat his lunch in the office any more as he used to do. She rather missed the cheery chat she was accustomed to have with him.

"I see that you don't bring your lunch down to the office any more, Joe," she remarked one day, as he stopped by her table just as she was preparing to quit work at one o'clock to eat.

"No; I go out now to a quick-lunch house."

"Getting extravagant, I suppose, on the strength of that \$1,500 you made out of the market a little while ago."

"That's about the size of it," grinned the boy, wondering what Miss Peters would say if he told her that he was now worth \$27,000.

Joe now went on his way toward the reception room.

When he reached the reception-room he found an A. D. T. messenger with a note for him. The messenger was a tough youth, and one of Ike Thacker's late pals. He didn't seem to relish the mission that had been intrusted to him, but couldn't very well get out of it.

"Sign de paper, cully," he said shortly. "Youse is gittin' mighty important dese days when de ladies sends notes to yer."

"I hope that fact doesn't worry you any, Swipes," replied Joe.

"Who you callin' Swipes? Me name is O'Brien, an' I don't want to be called out of it, see?"

"All right. I didn't know your name was O'Brien. I heard your friends call you Swipes so often that I thought you liked it."

"I don't mind me friends, but you're no friend of mine. Me an' de gang don't want not'in' to do wit' youse. You got Ike pinched, an' now he's up in de pertectomy. Mebbe we'll get back at yer some time for dat."

"All right, O'Brien. You've delivered the note and got your receipt, so I'll excuse you."

"Yah! You make me sick wit' de style yer try to put on. I wouldn't have brought dat note if I could have got out of it. Youse is no good." With those words the tough messenger departed. Joe tore the envelope open and found a note from Elsie Webster, asking him to come around to the office any time that afternoon before five, as she had some information for him.

"I wonder if she's got hold of another pointer?" he asked himself. "If she has, I hope it will pan out as good as the last. My money is getting rusty for the want of something to do. I should like to put it at work again. I might double it and then I'd be worth the twentieth part of a million. Well, I'll drop around and see her as soon as I'm off for the day."

A messenger came and left a note for Mr. Hoyt.

"Take it around to the Exchange, Joe," said the cashier.

Castleton put on his hat and started out. As he walked down New street, for this was when the messengers' entrance was on that street, he saw O'Brien and a couple more A. D. T.'s standing near by.

"Pipe de young gent dat gets messages from de ladies," grinned one of the lads.

"One would think he was a regular broker," said another.

"Ah, he gives me a pain in de neck," snorted O'Brien.

Joe passed into the Exchange without noticing them. When he came out a few minutes later, with a message in his hand to a broker of the Astor Building, they were still there, and they flung more jibes at him. They grew angry because he refused to recognize their insults, and one of them picked up a small stone and flung it after him. It struck his hat, making a dent in it, and then caromed off against a window, through which it went with a crash. O'Brien and his associates took to their heels at once. A hatless clerk rushed out to see who had done the damage, and saw them disappearing around the corner of Exchange Place. It was utterly useless to give them chase with any hope of catching them, so the angry clerk turned to Castleton and asked him if he knew who the boys were.

"They are A. D. T. messengers. One of them is named O'Brien. I don't know which of the three threw the stone. It struck my hat first."

"Was the stone thrown at you?"

"Looks as if was. It's lucky for me it didn't hit my head."

When he reached the office of the broker for whom he had the note, the gentleman was busy and Joe had to wait. He took a seat and looked around for a newspaper. He saw one doubled up on the floor in a corner behind a chair. He went over and picked it up. As he smoothed it out a slip of paper dropped into his hand. The following words were scribbled on it in pencil:

"Bradley begins buying to-morrow. Forward your check for the balance of your subscription. Jordan is with us for a million. JOHN D."

Joe studied the check for a moment.

"Has all the ear-marks of a contemplated corner in some stock," he mused. Let me see, who is Bradley? I know of two brokers of that name. Probably this is one of them. That Jordan must be the millionaire operator of the Atlas Building. He is clearly a moneyed man when he's in on a deal for a million. The main question is what is the name of the stock that Broker Bradley will begin buying to-morrow? The only way to find out that I know of is to try and discover what stock he'll bid for at the Exchange. It may be several days before he will look for it on the floor, since he will naturally try and buy up all the shares he can on the outside. I must keep my eyes skinned when I'm sent to the Exchange after this. I'll put Frank on to him, also. Between us we may be able to get a line on the name of the stock I'm after. But hold on; maybe I won't have any use for this tip, after all. Elsie may have a much better pointer. I'll do nothing until I have seen her."

A few minutes later Joe was admitted to the broker's office, and there being no answer to the note he brought, he returned to his office. A few minutes before four Castleton walked into Miss Webster's office. He took a chair beside her desk and said he had received her note asking him to call around.

"I'm doing all of Mr. Jack Bradley's work since his stenographer was taken sick—his office is on this floor," whispered Elsie, so the girls wouldn't overhear her communication.

"Jack Bradley," replied Joe, pricking up his ears.

"Yes. Last evening he and another gentleman came in after the girls had gone away and I was preparing to go home. Mr. Bradley wanted a couple of letters written. After dictating them, and while I was typewriting from the shorthand, he and the other man stood near by and began to talk about a certain stock that was about to be cornered by a syndicate of capitalists. I heard every word they said, although I never paused a moment in my work nor made a single mistake. The name of the stock is M. & N., and Mr. Bradley remarked that it was going at 52, which was five or six points lower than it ought to be. He said he expected to see it reach 70 inside of two weeks. Thinking I had got hold of a good tip, I sent for you. What do you think of it?"

"I think it's all right, and confirms a pointer that I picked up to-day myself," replied Joe.

He showed Elsie the piece of paper containing John D.'s brief note, in which Mr. Bradley (presumably Elsie's customer) was mentioned as the prospective buyer of an unmentioned stock for a combination of speculators, including one Jordan, a millionaire.

"I guess this note has reference to the same deal you have mentioned," said the boy. "At any rate, a broker named Bradley is connected with it. Your pointer is more definite, as it conveys the name of the stock, while this note does not."

"Is there anything in this matter for us both?" asked the girl.

"Yes. I should say that it will be safe enough for us to buy M. & N. at the present market price, especially as Mr. Bradley intimates that it is very likely to go to 70 in a short time. That means, of course, that measures will be taken by the syndicate to force it up to that price or beyond, if possible. Bradley and his associates will gather in all the shares they can get at 52 and about that figure, and then the price may be looked for to rise. How much do you want to go in for?"

"Do you think it is perfectly safe?"

"Nothing can be said to be perfectly safe in Wall Street. The best laid plans have been known to go to smash most unexpectedly. It is what I should call a safe risk. I have no doubt but it will be backed by quite a number of millions. It takes millions to put such a thing through with any prospect of success, for the stock is purchased outright and must be paid for right away."

"How many shares would you advise me to buy? I've got about \$1,900."

"I shall try to get 3,000 shares for myself right away. That will cost me nearly \$16,000 in margins. I guess you can afford to give me your order for 300, which will require an investment on your part of \$1,560."

Elsie considered a while and finally agreed to go in on 300 shares.

After some further talk on the subject Joe left for home. Next morning, near noon, he bought 3,300 shares of M. & N., and the bank secured them at 52.

CHAPTER IX.—The Little Old Man and the Mining Shares.

The day following Joe's investment in M. & N. the market partook of a general upward movement. Conditions favored the bulls and all stocks were buoyant. M. & N., among the rest, advanced to 54. This meant that Joe was \$6,000 and Elsie Webster \$600 better off inside of the first twenty-four hours. Castleton was naturally quite tickled, for he had not looked for results so soon. The papers commenting on the day's market spoke optimistically of a further advance in prices, and printed various reasons to account for the rise.

"Looks like a general boom in stocks," said Joe to Frank when they went to lunch that day. "If you were in on something you'd be in line to make a stake."

"How about yourself," replied Webster. "You ought to be taking advantage of the situation to begin the making of that million you told me about."

"How do you know but I'm long on a good stock?"

"I don't know. Are you?"

"I am."

"What stock?"

"M. & N."

"You're lucky. How many shares have you?"

"A few thousand, more or less," laughed Joe.

"A few hundred, you mean."

"All right; if you know what I mean better than I do, have it your own way."

"I said that because I don't think you've got money enough to buy a thousand."

"You don't know how much money I've got."

"That's true, but I thought you had about \$1,500."

"Don't you think I've made anything since I put that deal through?"

"I haven't thought about the matter, and you didn't tell me that you had gone into the market again."

"I know I didn't. It's a good plan not to tell everything one does, even to his best friend. I know you're all right, Frank, but business is one thing and friendship is another. However, I don't mind telling you that I have added considerable to my pile since my first deal."

"I'm glad to hear it, Joe. You know that I wish you every success."

At this point they entered the lunch house and Joe changed the topic. On their way back Joe was surprised to see Dora Kane coming down Wall Street with her mother. They stopped to talk to him, and Joe introduced Webster to them.

"This is the heroine of the elevator incident, Frank."

Dora laughed, but it was a nervous laugh, for the recollection was certainly not pleasant for her.

"We are on our way to papa's office," she said to Joe.

"Then we'll walk half a block with you, if you have no objections."

"Objections? Why, the idea! We're only too glad of your escort, aren't we, mamma?"

Her mother smiled and nodded.

"Have you time to take a look in at my office?" asked Castleton.

"I'm afraid not to-day, but the next time I come down here I'll drop in and see you," Dora replied.

"I may not be in when you call, but perhaps you won't mind waiting."

"I will certainly wait a reasonable time."

"Well, here is the building where Frank and I are employed. Mr. Hoyt's office is on the third floor, center corridor, right off the elevator, so you couldn't miss it if you tried."

They bade Dora and her mother good-by and took the elevator up. There was a message waiting for Joe to take out, so he didn't remain a minute in the office. The note took him down to the Bowling Green Building at the foot of Broadway. On his way back, while passing along Beaver street, he saw some messenger boys teasing an old man who was resting himself on a case of cognac in front of a wholesale house. He recognized the boys as O'Brien and a couple of his associates. Joe approached them quickly and, grabbing O'Brien and another, knocked their heads together.

"How do you like that?" said Castleton. "One of you three fired a stone at me the other day in New street. I'd like to know which of you it was."

"Yah! Go soak your head, you big stuff!" snarled O'Brien, as the three backed away, for they were afraid of Joe, after the way he had held out against Thacker and five others that day on New street. Joe made a bluff to go for them, when they took to their heels and fled.

"You were very good to frighten those bad boys away," said the old man in a weak tone. "I sat down to rest here because I don't feel strong. I don't know as I am able to attend to the business that brought me down here to-day. I ought to have got off the car at Wall Street, but the conductor did not pay attention to my request."

"Were you going to call on some broker?"

"Yes. I brought down some shares of mining stock that I wanted to sell."

"I could help you around to Broad street. Some one of the curb brokers might buy your stock, if it's worth anything. What is the name of the mine?"

"The Ajax Mining and Milling Co. I have four certificates of 5,000 shares each. They cost me fifteen cents a share, but I'm afraid they're not worth near so much now."

"I have this morning's quotations of the Goldfield Exchange in my pocket. Is the mine in the Goldfield district?"

"It's in Tonopah."

Joe took the printed list out of his pocket and looked it over. The Ajax Mining and Milling Co. was not mentioned.

"Nothing here about it, sir. The best way to ascertain if your mine is any good is to call at the Mining Exchange. It's close by. The main entrance is on Broadway, but we can go in from New street just as well. I'll take you up there, if you say so, and then I'll see you to a Broadway car."

The old man agreed, but when he reached the New street entrance to the Exchange he declared that he was too weak to go any further.

"Well, you sit on these steps, and I'll see what I can find out about your mine," said Joe.

He took the elevator upstairs, and going to the proper official he ascertained that the Ajax Mining and Milling Co. stock was in no great demand, but was selling in Goldfield at from four to five cents a share.

The official referred Joe to several brokers who might possibly buy some of the stock, but was sure that they would do so. He said in any case they probably would not give over three cents for it. Joe returned and reported to the old man.

"Well," said the old man, "I'd be glad to take three cents if I could get it."

"Then we'll call on one of the brokers to whom I was referred," said Joe.

The old man started to get up, but sank back again. He looked white and ill, and Castleton saw that he was in no shape to do business.

"What is your name and where do you live?" the boy asked him.

"Andrew White. I live at the Mills House No. 1."

"You look like a pretty sick man, Mr. White. You ought to see a doctor right away."

A policeman passing at the time, Joe called him over and asked him if he didn't think the old man ought to be taken to a hospital. While they were talking the subject of their remarks fell over unconscious, and Joe grabbed him in time to prevent him rolling on the sidewalk.

Joe picked up the package he had held in his hand, as a crowd began to gather. The policeman went away to ring for an ambulance and the boy was left in charge of the unconscious man. The ambulance turned up much quicker than usual; the man, still insensible, was put into it and whisked off to the nearest hospital. As the vehicle disappeared around the corner Joe woke up to the fact that the old man's package was in his possession.

"Well I can keep it for him till he leaves the hospital," he thought.

When he reached the office and had explained why he was detained, he opened the package and found, as he supposed, that it contained the four certificates of Ajax Mining and Milling Co. stock. He turned the package over to the cashier, to put in the safe for the time being. The waiting-room being clear of customers and visitors, Joe went over to the ticker and took a look at the quotations on the tape.

He found, as he expected, that the upward move of the market had continued. He ran over the tape until he came to a transaction in M. & N., when, much to his satisfaction, he saw that the stock had gone up another point. As soon as he was off for the day he made a call on Elsie to inform her that M. & N. had gone up three points during the day, and consequently she was worth \$900 more than when she came to business that morning.

"It seems almost too good to be true."

"Well, just figure it out yourself. You have the call on 300 shares, and the price of those shares has advanced \$3 each. Three times 300 is 900. There you are. It's as simple as rolling off a log."

Then Joe mentioned about the old man he had met on Beaver street, who wanted to sell 20,000 shares of the Ajax mine, and how he had been carried to a hospital in an ambulance.

"Poor old man!" said the sympathetic girl when she had heard the whole story. "Do you think he'll die?"

"I hope not, for I've got his stock in my possession and wouldn't know what to do with it. However, it isn't worth over six or seven hundred dollars, and it is a matter of doubt whether it would fetch that."

Thus speaking, Joe put on his hat and bade Elsie goodby.

CHAPTER X.—Joe Clears Up Forty-Five Thousand Dollars.

Joe came downtown earlier than usual next morning and paid a visit to the hospital where the old man had been carried to.

"I would like to find out how Andrew White, the man who was brought here early yesterday afternoon from New street, is this morning."

The doctor who attended the old man said that his general condition was not very encouraging.

"Don't you think he will get well, sir?" asked Joe.

"It is impossible to say whether or not he will recover."

"He's conscious, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then tell him that the boy who was with him on New street at the time he collapsed has got his package of mining stock, and is ready to deliver it to him at any time he sends for it. There is my name and business address. Hand it to him, please, so he will know where to find me. I will call again tomorrow morning at this hour."

Joe left the hospital and went to his office. He was kept busy running errands all day, and didn't get a chance to go to his lunch until after two.

M. & N. closed that day at 56.

When he went to the hospital next morning he was told that Andrew White wanted to see him, and that he would be permitted to visit his cot. He followed the orderly into a long room lined on both sides with beds. The house doctor was going his rounds and two uniformed nurses were present. The old man recognized Joe, and seemed glad to see him.

"So your name is Joe Castleton, and you work for a Wall Street broker?" he said.

"That's right," nodded Joe.

"You were very good and obliging to me that afternoon after we met on Beaver street," he went on. "You saved me from those boys, and then you tried to do something for me about that mining stock, which is now in your hands. I'm afraid I'll never leave this place alive. Something tells me that I can't recover. Now, as I haven't a friend or a relative in the world, I want you to have, in case of my death, all that I own. That isn't much. The stock of the Ajax Company and a small trunk of books at the Mills Hotel. I shall have the nurse draw up a document making you my heir, which I will sign if I grow any weaker. You are a good boy and deserve any little recompense I can make you for your unsolicited kindness to me. All I ask of you in return is to see that I am decently buried."

Joe tried to persuade him that there wasn't any likelihood of his dying very soon, but he shook his head and said that he felt that his heart was giving out, and that was a bad sign.

Castleton couldn't stay very long with him, as he had to be at the office at nine o'clock, but he promised to call on the following morning.

During the afternoon he called the hospital up on the phone and asked after Mr. White.

He was told that the old man seemed to be growing weaker, and that he was not expected to live over two days at the outside.

"Poor old chap!" said Joe, as he hung up the receiver. "I guess he was right when he said he did not expect to leave the hospital alive. It looks as if the small favor I did for him will result in making me the owner of the Ajax mining stock now in our safe, not that it appears to be a very valuable bit of property. Still it ought to be worth a thousand dollars, and that's something."

The market continued its upward trend that day, and M. & N. went to 57%.

When Joe reached the hospital next morning

he was told that the old man had died during the night. He was handed a sheet of paper by which Andrew White had made him his heir, and was asked if he would take charge of the body. Joe replied that he would send an undertaker to the hospital some time that day to take the dead man away. When he reached the office he phoned to a well-known burial establishment and asked them to send to the hospital for the body and prepare it for burial. He said he would be up late in the afternoon to select the coffin and make arrangements for the funeral. He bought a single grave in Kensico Cemetery, and next day one of the undertaker's assistants carried the dead Andrew White up there and saw that the last rites were properly carried out. Joe then got the trunk of books from the Mills Hotel and had it sent up to his mother's flat for future examination. By this time M. & N. shares had gone up to 60, and the advance of that particular stock was beginning to attract attention. A day or two later, when it was quoted at 62, the brokers began to make strong effort to get hold of some of it. The price went up to 66 in a short time and the traders actually fought for it.

There was little doubt but that it would go to 70, but Joe, desirous of being on the safe side, decided to sell out right away. He was unable to reach the bank and place his selling order until the stock had reached 67%, which was the figure he got for his holdings. His own profit on the deal reached \$45,000, while Elsie's was \$4,500.

With \$72,000 in his safe deposit box, Joe felt that he was something of a capitalist on a small scale.

"I am sure all the messenger boys in the Street, if they put their savings together, couldn't match that amount," he said to himself with a feeling of intense satisfaction. "I need only \$28,000 more to make me worth the tenth of a million. It isn't so hard, after all, to make a million if luck runs your way. Now, I must see about those Ajax Mining and Milling Co. shares. I paid out about \$150 to bury the old man in a thoroughly respectable manner, so I guess I am fairly entitled to whatever profit I can make out of them."

Consequently Joe wrote to a well-known brokerage house in Goldfield for particulars about the Ajax mine. He put the shares away in his safe deposit box for safe keeping. Four days later he received a reply to his letter. The writer did not hold a very high opinion of the mine. He said there was very little prospect of it paying more than a nominal dividend that year. The company was chiefly pushing work in the hope of making a strike of some value. The company owned several claims, and might in the course of time turn up something worth while. If Castleton could afford to hold the stock for some time the writer advised him to do so; if he preferred to sell, the firm would try to get a buyer at the best figure possible.

"I'll hold it," thought Joe, "on the chance that some day it may be worth something. Seven or eight hundred dollars cuts very little ice with me just now."

CHAPTER XI.—Joe Finds Himself Worth One-Fifth of His Million.

The summer season passed slowly away and business was rather slack in Wall Street.

When Joe had occasion to go to the Exchange, which wasn't near so often as usual, the floor looked deserted. Two-thirds of the brokers were missing, and the balance seemed to wish that they were away, too. Every Saturday afternoon you could see a procession of clerks and stenographers making for the west side ferries with suit cases, bound on their two weeks' vacation.

Joe's turn didn't come till the middle of August, and Frank Webster and his sister had arranged to get off at the same time in order to go to the same place that Joe had selected, where his mother and sisters were rusticating for six weeks at his expense. Joe had selected Pineville in the mountains, because it was near to where Dora Kane and her mother were stopping. He hadn't seen the girl for a matter of six weeks, though they corresponded, and he was anxious to spend a portion of his vacation with her. As a matter of fact, she was just as anxious for him to do it. About a week before his vacation was due Joe found out that a certain broker was going around quietly buying up A. & G. shares.

"There is something in the wind," he said to himself. "I guess I'll buy a few myself on general principles."

Accordingly, that day Joe went to a well-known brokerage house and left an order for 10,000 shares of A. & G., at the market price of 42.

The member of the firm who took the order from Castleton did not for a moment suppose that he was buying the shares for himself. He knew Joe was employed by James Hoyt, and he naturally judged that the order really came from the trader under cover. For that reason he put no questions to Castleton, being only too glad to count on the full commission he saw coming to the house. Two days later purchases of the stock at the Exchange called attention to A. & G., and the price went up two points that day. Next morning a crowd of brokers gathered around the A. & G. standard, which seemed to be the only stock that had much life to it. The morning newspapers had called notice to the rise and quite a number of traders came in from near-by resorts to see what was on the tapis. Whether through preconcerted arrangement of men in the employ of the clique now largely controlling the shares, or from some other cause, A. & G. became the center of much excitement. Many brokers, suspecting that a syndicate was at the back of the movement, began to bid for the shares believing that the price would go right up.

"It's funny things should begin to liven up just as we are about to take our vacation," said Frank next morning, as they met on the street on their way to their offices. "There hasn't been anything doing for a month or more to speak of."

"It may interfere with my outing a bit," replied Joe.

"How is that? Have you been asked to postpone your outing until the rush is over?" asked Frank in surprise.

"No. It isn't that, but the fact is I'm in on

a deal connected with A. & G., and I've got to see it out."

"It seems to me that you are getting to be a regular speculator. How did you come out on M. & N.?"

"I came out away ahead. You'd have a fit if I told you how much I made."

"You must be worth money by this time."

"I'm working slowly towards that million."

"Got a good-sized contract on your hands to fetch it."

"I'll get there all right, unless I have a bad setback."

"Sis will be much disappointed if you're not ready to go up with us on Saturday."

"Oh, I'll be along on Tuesday or Wednesday if I fail to connect on Saturday. Goodby," and Joe left him.

That day was a pretty hot one, and the brokers had a perspiring time of it at the Exchange, but through it all A. & G. soared up to 55, and seemed disposed to go higher. Joe followed its upward flight with feelings of great joy, and when the Exchange closed for the day he figured up that he stood to win \$125,000 if he sold out at the present stage of the game. The boy spent the whole evening see-sawing between selling out and holding on. The next day was Saturday, and there was only a two-hour session. Even if A. & G. closed at an advance at noon, a whole lot of things might happen between that time and Monday morning that would completely alter the situation.

"I guess I'll sell and get off with Frank and his sister. It might mean \$50,000 extra profit to me if I held on until Monday, and then again I might land in the soup. I'll sell," he concluded determinedly.

Having made up his mind on the subject, Joe went to sleep just as if nothing troubled him in the least. He tried to reach the broker's next morning around ten, but couldn't get there, as he was kept on the run till eleven. Then he sneaked in the time necessary to order his stock sold. It was immediately dumped on the market in five lots, and was greedily snapped up at 57%.

At half-past twelve Joe phoned to the broker's to learn the price the stock had gone at, and then figured up his profits at something over \$150,000.

"That makes me worth \$222,000," he said contentedly. "I ought to be able to enjoy my two weeks' vacation very much, indeed. Mother doesn't think I'm worth over a few thousands. I'll have to chase her out house-hunting when she gets back to town. It is quite time that we had a home of our own. At any rate, I can easily afford to buy a fine little place in the suburbs and furnish it up to the queen's taste. Then mother and the girls will begin to have the time of their lives."

An hour later, Joe, Frank and Elsie started for the West Shore depot.

CHAPTER XII.—Lost in the Mountains.

At 3:30 the train pulled out of Weehawken across the river for up the State. Joe Castleton and his companions were going as far as Catskill

by the West Shore, where they were to change to the Catskill mountain railway, which would take them up to Pineville. Dora and her mother were at the Rip Van Winkle Hotel, five miles from Pineville.

The young people whiled away the time in one way or another until the train reached Catskill village, when they grabbed their suit cases and made for the train of the mountain railway that was in waiting. At Pineville, the next stop, a bus carried them to the big boarding-house where Mrs. Castleton and her daughters were staying. A supper was awaiting the late arrivals, and after Joe and friends had got away with their share they adjourned to a good-sized room, where a dance was in progress. After remaining there an hour they went to their rooms, Joe and Frank bunking together. About eleven next morning Joe hired a rig and, finding that the road lay straight to the Rip Van Winkle Hotel, he drove there, and was warmly welcomed by Dora, who was expecting him. He found that Mr. Kane had come up by the early train on Saturday. He was invited to stay to dinner, and accepted. After the meal Dora suggested that they take a walk among the glens in that vicinity. Joe was glad to have her all to himself, and consented. They met a good many strollers at first who, like themselves, were out to look at the wild and romantic scenery for which that section of the Catskills is celebrated, but gradually, as they wandered on, penetrating the less-traveled spots, more absorbed in themselves than the view, they found themselves quite alone. They did not think of the possibility that they might lose their way in that locality, for they did not dream that they had walked so very far from the hotel. Finally, after sitting an hour on the brink of an awful-looking chasm, made lovely by a cascade with a fall of more than two hundred feet, they decided that it was time to get back to civilization.

After half an hour's tramp it began to strike them that they must have wandered out of their course, for they seemed to be getting deeper and deeper into an unfrequented portion of the mountain range.

"I'm afraid we're not going right at all," said Dora, with some anxiety in her voice.

"And I'm afraid that I don't know much about the matter," replied Joe. "But don't worry. We'll get out of our pickle in some way. If we could find the road we took away from the hotel, we'd be all right."

"Of course, but how are we to find it? There are three paths diverging from this plateau. The question is which ought we to take?"

"If we only could meet one of the natives, or a visitor, they'd be able to direct us; but I haven't seen a soul for more than an hour," said Joe.

They looked all about them, only to find themselves shut in by mountain fastnesses, rugged in outline, without a solitary landmark anywhere to guide them in the direction they wanted to go. As far as they could judge, it was a toss-up as to which path they followed. As there were three of them, the chances were two to one against their taking the right one, and as the afternoon was now drawing to a close, the prospect was not particularly cheering.

"It looks as if we'll have to trust to luck, Dora," said Joe, "so we might as well take this path to the right. Being the right-hand path, we'll hope that it won't lead us wrong."

So they took it.

"I don't believe the road is in this direction," said Dora, after they had proceeded for a matter of fifteen minutes.

"If it isn't, we had better turn around and go back to the plateau and take one of the other two paths," replied Joe, who, being out of his latitude in the mountains, felt more or less befogged.

"I think we'd better go back," Dora said.

"All right, back we go. We're something like the 'babes in the woods', for we're out of our reckoning entirely."

"It would be just too awful if we really were lost up here in the mountains."

"That's right," nodded Joe. "We might meet with those Dutch mountaineers that done up Rip Van Winkle. Just think how tough it would be if we went to sleep here, and woke up to find ourselves twenty years older. I'm thinking I'd be out of a job in Wall Street, while you—you'd be an old maid, wouldn't you?"

Dora, who was now distinctly nervous and anxious, did not see anything funny in her companion's remarks. Indeed, she felt more like crying than laughing. To say the truth, they were in a serious predicament. The hotel was a mile and a half away, and the road leading to it wound off some distance away in a direction different to that which they were following. Then, to add to their troubles, the air was getting quite chilly and the sun was going down. They found their way back to the plateau and took another path.

Unfortunately, it was the wrong one, but for a time they imagined they were on the right track at last. Finally the sun dropped behind the range, and about that time they woke up to the grim fact that they were really lost among the Catskills.

"Oh, Joe, Joe, we've lost our way!" said Dora tearfully. "We'll never be able to find our way back to the hotel to-night. Papa and mamma will be worried to death about me, and your folks won't know what has become of you."

"It's too bad that we didn't pay more attention to where we were going," said Joe. "However, it won't do any good to throw up our hands. It would only make matters worse for us. We must keep on trying to get out of our hole. There are a whole lot of farm houses in these mountains. If we keep on pushing ahead, we ought to run across one."

"There are some scattered farm houses, it is true," replied the girl, "but they are miles apart."

"It doesn't make any difference how far apart they are. We only want to find one of them in order to get our bearings."

They kept at a hazard, however, the girl growing more discouraged at every step, for dusk was coming on apace and they ought to have been back at the hotel long before. It was darker up in the mountains than elsewhere at that hour, for the peaks and projecting crags threw long shadows across their path, and made their toilsome and aimless wandering more hopeless. The prospect of their being obliged to pass the night in the open caused Joe to look sharply from side

to side for some cave or nook that would at least afford a partial protection for them against the night air. Suddenly, as they reached the mouth of a defile, a light burst on their view. They saw at once that it was a candle shining from a window.

Both hailed it with a feeling of thanksgiving. Here at last was a sign of life. The people who lived here would be able to direct them how to reach the Rip Van Winkle Hotel. Confident that their troubles were over they hurried toward the building, which was at best but a rude story-and-a-half affair. Had they not been so over-anxious to escape from their present difficulties they might have hesitated before trusting to the hospitality of strangers in that wild locality.

Joe knocked at the back door of the dwelling. Instantly the voices they had heard inside ceased. Nobody coming to the door, Joe knocked again, louder than before. In a moment or two the light disappeared, the window was opened, and a voice asked in not very pleasant accents who was there.

"A boy and a girl. We have lost our way in the mountains, and would like to be directed to the road that will bring us to the Rip Van Winkle Hotel," replied Joe.

The window was shut, the light reappeared, and Joe could hear low conversation inside. Finally the door was opened and they were bidden to enter. Joe led the way across the threshold, holding Dora by the arm. The occupants of the room were three hard-looking men and a boy. Their appearance was not reassuring, seen in the uncertain light of the candle. One of the men said something in a low tone to the boy. He went to the window and reached for the candle. As he did so the light flashed full in his countenance. Joe's eyes were on him at the moment and he gave a gasp of astonishment. He knew the boy at once—it was Ike Thacker.

CHAPTER XIII.—In the Mountain Hut.

How was it that Ike Thacker was up here in the wilds of the Catskills when he was supposed to be at the Westchester Protectory? And who were these men with whom he was associated? Ike was an uncommonly bad boy, therefore it might be presumed that the men were not above suspicion. They certainly had a rascally look. What was he and Dora up against, Joe asked himself. The men were bad enough, apparently, of themselves, but the presence of Thacker was sure to complicate matters, for Ike had a mighty strong grouch against Castleton, and would be glad to take advantage of an opportunity to do him up if he could. So far Thacker hadn't recognized Joe. He placed the candle on a rude table standing in the center of the room, and then he got a better view of the visitors.

"Joe Castleton!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. And what are you doing here? I thought you were at the Protectory."

"Yah! You thought a lot. Well, you see, I ain't, don't you?"

"You must have escaped."

"That ain't none of your business," replied the young rascal surlily.

"You know this boy, eh?" said the red-whiskered man, who seemed to be the boss of the shanty.

"I should think I did. If it hadn't been for him I should not have been sent up to the Protectory."

"Why don't you tell the truth for once in your life, at any rate, Ike Thacker? You put up that job on me in the restaurant expecting to get me pinched. You forgot, however, that somebody else in the place might catch on to your little game, and, fortunately for me, it happened that a Wall Street detective spotted you. Your plot failed and you had to pay the piper. I had nothing whatever to do with sending you to the Protectory—you sent yourself."

"Yah!" snarled Ike.

Joe turned to the man with the red whiskers.

"If you or one of your associates will guide us to the Rip Van Winkle Hotel, I will give you two dollars," he said.

"Two dollars," repeated the man with an unpleasant grin.

"Yes."

"You and the girl have lost your way up here, eh?"

"We have."

"You're stoppin' at the hotel?"

"This young lady is. I am stopping in Pineville."

"Is two dollars all the money you have?"

"I might have another dollar or two."

"Has the young lady got any money, too?"

"That has nothing to do with the matter?" replied Joe, not liking his remark.

"It hasn't, eh? Well, now, I thought it had," with a wink at his companions.

Joe now foresaw trouble ahead. Dora, who distrusted the men from the moment she first looked at them, clung to her young protector's arm and looked apprehensively at the occupants of the house.

"Sorry, young gent, but we'll have to borrow whatever money you have. So just ante up," said the red-whiskered rascal pointedly to Joe.

"Is this a hold-up?" asked Castleton angrily.

The fellow grinned.

"We belong to the society for the improvement of industrial conditions," he chuckled. "The wealth of the country, accordin' to the newspapers, is increasin' at the rate of five billion a year, but as none of it is comin' our way, we are lookin' for our share, and takin' it when we find it. We calculate you two have a portion of the five billion that belongs to us, so cough up. You two hain't got no right to live on the fat of the land at first-class hotels when we're scratchin' for a livin', see?"

"If you went to work instead of keeping around the mountains, you'd earn your share of the five billions you speak of," replied Joe boldly.

"Come, now, no back talk. Just produce, or we'll have to make you. Jim, help the young gent disgorge."

Seeing that to resist would be worse than useless, Joe handed out a five dollar bill and said it was all the money he had about him. He was searched, nevertheless, but no more money was found on him. Jim, however, relieved him of his

watch and chain and the diamond cuff buttons Mr. Kane had presented to him. He also took a handsome stickpin out of his necktie.

"Now, Jim," said the red-whiskered man, "help the young lady to donate them diamond ear-rings of hers and that ring on her finger. Also, that ornament at her neck."

"You chaps will regret this robbery," said Joe.

No attention was paid to the boy's remark, and Dora was quickly relieved of her jewelry. The booty was spread out on the table.

"Now, Jim, you and Bill take a bit of rope and tie these young people's hands behind their backs," ordered the red-whiskered man.

After this job was done, Joe and Dora were ordered to walk up to the attic by the stairway in the corner. Jim followed with the candle in his hand. He put the candle on a box and tied Castleton to one of the roof supports.

"You kin sit on that box, young lady," he said.

"How long are we to be kept here?" demanded Joe. "After robbing us of all we had, you ought to show us back to the hotel."

The man grinned.

"We ain't lookin' to be pinched," he said, turning on his heels and going back downstairs, leaving them in the dark.

"What's going to become of us, Joe?" sobbed Dora.

"Don't cry, Dora. Nothing is going to happen to us more than has already taken place," said Joe soothingly. "They will keep us here a few hours, maybe, till they're ready to leave themselves, and then they'll turn us adrift. We may have to stay all night, but we may as well make the best of a bad situation by keeping up our courage. We can't help ourselves."

"But it's dreadful to have to stay here in this condition," shivered the girl. "Papa and mamma must be wild about me by this time."

"We may not have to stay, Dora. I think I'll be able to work my hands free. At any rate, I'm trying hard to accomplish it. Creep over to the head of the stairs and see if you can hear what those rascals are talking about. It might be useful for us to get a line on their movements."

Dora, after some persuasion, walked over to the opening in the floor, knelt down and listened. While she was thus employed Joe worked at his bonds. He had a small hand and strong wrist, and he believed it would be only a matter of a little time before he succeeded in freeing himself. After a little while Dora came back to him.

"They are going away, Joe—the men are—and will leave that boy to watch us while they are gone. They intend to rob two or three of the cottages near the hotel. After that they spoke about the boy releasing us. They expect to make their escape down the mountains to the river."

"So that's what they intend doing? They are evidently regular crooks. Fine associates for that Thacker boy to catch on to."

"I am glad the men are going to leave. I'm afraid of them," said Dora nervously.

"Hush! Some one is coming. Sit on that box."

The flickering light of the candle appeared up the stairs, and a moment later the red-whiskered man appeared. He looked at the prisoners to see that they were secured as the man Jim had reported to him, and then without exchanging a

word with them, retired as he had come. A couple of hours passed slowly away, during which they heard the rascals conversing downstairs. Joe had not been idle, but had got his hands loose, and with his pocketknife had released himself from the post. After that he freed Dora's hands and bade her in a whisper to keep up her courage, for he intended to make a break for liberty as soon as the men had left the building. At length there was a movement below. Joe crawled over to the opening and saw that the rascals had their hats on and seemed about to go. One of them carried a small valise in his hand.

"I dare say that contains housebreaking tools," thought the boy.

"Look here, Ike, you know the way to the road, don't you?" said the man with the red whiskers. "You follow this ravine to the dead pine, where the path branches. All you have to do then is to turn to the right and keep straight on for half a mile and you'll walk right into the road. It will take that candle about two hours to burn out. When it does release the youngsters and light out. Wait for us along the road, if we are not waitin' for you, see?"

Thacker nodded sullenly. So the three men took their departure, and for a while Ike stood by the door, looking after them. Then he came in the room, and sat down at the table to watch the candle burn away. Joe, after whispering his plans to Dora, was on the point of descending the stairs and confronting Thacker, when Ike got up, took the candle, and began to mount the stairs to the attic.

CHAPTER XI.—In Which Joe Makes His Million

Determining to give Thacker the surprise of his life, Joe whispered to Dora to take her seat on the box while he returned to the post and, putting his hands behind him, appeared as if still tied. Ike stepped out on the floor, candle in hand, and approached the prisoners. He thrust the candle close to Joe's face and met his gaze.

"How are you enjoyin' yourself, eh?"

"As well as can be expected," replied Castleton calmly.

"Yah! You big stuff! I've got you where I want you now," snarled Ike. "I owe you a whole lot, and I'm goin' to take some of it out of your hide now. I hate you worse'n p'ison."

"Your hate doesn't amount to anything. You'll soon be back in the Protectory."

"I will, I don't think."

"What did you come up here for? We don't want to see you."

"I come here to get square with you."

"How are you going to do it?"

"I'm goin' to kick the stuffin' out of you. You can't get away," he grinned, "so I can kick you till I'm tired."

Thacker raised his foot and then shot it at Joe's leg viciously. Castleton nimbly stepped aside and Ike's toe struck the post.

"Wow!" he roared, hopping around in pain, the candle rolling from his grasp. Joe gave him no time to recover, but sprang upon him, bearing him to the floor.

"Pick up the candle, Dora," said Joe. "Then give me that piece of rope."

Astonishment at first deprived Ike of all power of resistance. He quickly recovered and started to put up a fight. Joe, however, had all the advantage of him. Rolling him over on his face, he pulled his arms around and, holding his wrists together, told Dora to tie them with the rope. While she was doing it, Ike kicked, squirmed, and swore lustily, but all to no avail. Joe then tied his ankles. Being satisfied that Thacker couldn't free himself, he rose and took the candle from the box, where Dora had placed it.

"How do you like being tied up yourself, Ike?"

"I'll get square with you for this," roared the bad youth.

"Perhaps you will, but I doubt it," returned Joe. "I could kick the stuffing out of you now, if I wanted to, but I'm not built that way. We're going to leave you here in the dark until we can find a constable to take you in charge. Come along, Dora."

Ike roared and whined to be let go, but Joe paid no attention to him at all, and assisted Dora downstairs. Blowing out the candle, he led the girl out of the hut.

"Now we'll go to the hotel, Dora," he said.

"How are we going to find our way there?" she asked.

"I heard the fellow with the red whiskers direct Thacker how to find the road, and I'm going to follow his instructions. We'll go down the ravine till we come to a dead pine tree. Then we'll turn to the right, where I expect to find a path leading direct to the road."

Dora felt much encouraged by his words.

"What time do you think it is?"

"It's after midnight, I guess. I can't tell exactly, for those rascals have got my watch and everything else of value I had about me. And they got everything you had, too. We must try to have them caught before they can escape out of these mountains, and then we'll stand a chance of recovering our things."

They soon came to the dead pine and easily made out the path leading to the right.

"According to the red-whiskered man, the road is half a mile from this point," said Joe.

They trudged ahead, and in due time came out on the road. They had not gone a hundred yards before they came to a turn in the road and almost ran into a bunch of men with lanterns. Mr. Kane was one of the party, and Dora was soon sobbing in her father's arms, while to Joe was left the task of explaining matters. All hands at once started for the hotel. On the way Joe told how the red-whiskered rascal and his two companions had set out to rob one or more of the cottages near the hotel. This caused the party to hurry along, in hope of catching the scoundrels. As they drew near the first of the cottages they heard the report of a revolver, followed by the screams of women. Joe and the hotel people set forward at a run, arriving in front of the cottage just in time to catch two of the rascals trying to make their escape through a window with bundles. They were captured. The gentleman who rented the cottage now appeared and said that he had shot one of the fellows, who turned out to be the man with the red whiskers. When the thieves were searched Joe and Dora recovered all their property, much to their satisfaction. Joe and one of the constables went to the

house in the ravine and found Ike Thacker still in the attic, for he could not move out of the place to save his life. In due time he was returned to the Protectory, while the other three, including the red-whiskered man, who recovered from his wound, were subsequently tried, convicted and sent to the State prison for several years. In the meantime Joe had the time of his life in the Catskills, principally with Dora as his companion. About a month later Elsie got hold of another good tip—this time it was an electric railway merger. One of her customers, coming into her office after indulging in more mint julip than was good for him, incautiously told her how she could make a little stake for herself by buying a few shares of the Paterson Electric Railroad. She drew from him the fact that the United Traction Co. was buying up the shares of this road for the purpose of getting control. Elsie sent for Joe and told him what she had learned. He immediately started an investigation, and bought some 20,000 shares of the Paterson line stock for himself and the girl at 88. He had to put nearly \$170,000 in margins for the 19,300 shares he got for himself, while the other 700 cost Elsie about \$6,200.

When the news was published that the United Traction had got control of the Paterson line the stock of the heretofore independent line jumped to 103. At that figure Joe sold out. He made a clear \$400,000, and Elsie cleared \$14,000, making her worth \$21,000. Joe was now a capitalist to the tune of \$600,000. On the first of the year he ceased to be a messenger, being promoted by Mr. Hoyt to a clerkship in the counting-room. The Castleton family spent the Christmas in the new home which Joe presented to his mother, after furnishing it up in fine style. Mrs. Castleton and her daughters now had everything their heart could wish for, and were more than ever satisfied that Joe was the smartest boy not only in Wall Street, but in the world.

Dora had the same opinion of him, as did also her parents. Joe arranged with a big trust company to invest a considerable part of his money in bonds and mortgages, but he retained enough to enable him to work the market to good advantage.

When he reached his twentieth year he was worth over \$800,000, and, what pleased him even better, he was engaged to be married to Dora Kane.

It was arranged that the wedding should come off as soon as he had made the million on which his ambition was centered. The happy event finally came off soon after his twenty-second birthday. Three months previously he made a big deal in Union Pacific. He didn't operate on a tip, but purely on his own judgment. When he had received a settlement from his broker, who was his own employer on this occasion, he was worth \$1,350,000.

Mr. Hoyt then offered him a partnership in his business and he accepted it.

Thus Joe Castleton made his mark in Wall Street, rising, in the short space of about five years, from A Dime to a Million.

Next week's issue will contain "THE PATH TO GOOD LUCK; OR, THE BOY MINER OF DEATH VALLEY."

GUS AND THE GUIDE

— Or. —

Three Weeks Lost in the Rockies

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XXI.—(continued)

Gus made no reply to all this.

It was a satisfaction to him to know that he had Mr. Marston's money in his pocket, and he determined to keep that fact to himself.

Meanwhile the sheriff and his men were charging down upon the deserted camp.

Following the bend of the stream, in a minute they came to a place where for the time being they were out of sight.

This was what Gus had been waiting for.

"Now is our time to get back to where I left Sile Stumpp and the boy, Colonel Tolkins," he said. "Are you ready to make the try?"

"Right now," replied the colonel. "You are one of the git thar kind, Gus, while in these days I am too slow and heavy for anything. I propose to tie to you."

They hurried forward, keeping behind the great masses of broken rock which had fallen from the towering precipice above them as well as they could.

"Whatever possessed you to take Sile Stumpp for a guide, Gus?" inquired the colonel, as they hurried along. "He don't know no more about the Bitter Root mountains than a dead cat. He's only been hanging around Black Rock for a couple of years."

"I found all that out," replied Gus. "Yet I'm not kicking, the way things have turned out. Sile Stumpp guided me to where I want to get, all right. The thing is now to get Matt Marston out of this and safe home to his father."

"He's hardly worth takin' home," growled the colonel. "From what little I saw of the boy when Blake had him in Black Rock, I should say that he was little better than a fool."

"I think Dr. Blake kept him hypnotized most of the time," answered Gus.

"Don't believe in any such rubbish. The boy is an idiot—that's all. Say, hain't we most there? We are in plain sight of the sheriff now, if he or any of his crowd happen to look this way, which they haven't yet."

"We are right there now," said Gus, and in a minute they came in among the mass of broken rock which surrounded the entrance to the cavern.

Silas Stumpp came forward to meet them.

"For heaven's sake, Sile, what's the matter with you?" cried Colonel Tolkins, surprised at the change which had come over the man.

"Starvation—that's what's the matter with me," retorted Silas. "If I don't git something to eat soon I'm a-goner sure."

"Waal, you look it," said the colonel, "and I wish I could help you, but I don't s'pose I can just at the present. Whar's that boy?"

Gus had hurried over to the place where Matt Marston lay, still asleep.

"He hain't waked nor showed no signs of waking," said Silas. "I dunno what to make of him. Say, wasn't that Sheriff Oliver and his men what went down the valley? Gus, why not let's jine them. It would be the best way."

"No, no, no!" cried the colonel. "I'll get arrested, surest thing, if we do. Some of the Gophers must have been captured. Ten to one they'll go back on me. What we want to do is to sneak out of this here valley, if such a thing is possible. Hump yourself, Sile, and suggest some way."

"Don't know nothing about it," groaned Silas, and then with a sickly smile he added: "I reckon I'm a failure as a guide: but say, colonel, be you a Gopher? I jedge you must be from the way you talk."

"Don't ax no questions, Sile Stumpp," snapped the colonel. "The Gophers are dead ones, and I won't want to tie to no corpse. I was brought into this here valley blindfolded, and I don't know how to get out no more'n a baby. Gus, it is up to you."

"Well," said Gus, "I know the way, but it's the way the sheriff came in. There is no better arrangement for getting up to the top of the ridge, and probably it is guarded, I—"

"Oh, you mean the movable runway," broke in the colonel, "I have heard all about that. I've been taken down in blindfolded. You see the Gopher's holdout wasn't here when I—that is to say—"

"That is to say, when you jined the gang," put in Silas, dryly. "Gus, if you know the way, it's up to you. If we are nipped we are nipped, that's all. I'm willing to make the try to get out of this on the quiet, for the sake of my friend the colonel; but if it was only me I would go down and jine Sheriff Oliver at once. What about that boy?"

"He'll have to come with us," replied Gus, "for without him I don't move a peg."

"Wake him if you can, then. I can't. I've tried and it's no go."

"Perhaps we can make him walk in his sleep," said Gus, and then once more he started in to see what he could do in the line of hypnotism.

For fully five minutes he stood over Matt with his eyes fixed upon him and his whole mind concentrated on the unfortunate boy.

Then, suddenly snapping his fingers, he exclaimed in a loud voice:

Matt! Matt! Matt! Get up and follow me!"
Matt remained motionless.

"You can't do nothing with him that way," said Tolkins. "I see what your game is. You are trying to do the hypnotism act. That's all poppycock, Gus."

Gus paid no attention to him. He would not even allow himself to listen.

Again he repeated the formula, keeping his whole mind concentrated on Matt.

Still there was no result, but when he did it a third time success came.

Without opening his eye, Matt slowly arose, and when Gus moved away the boy followed him.

"B'gosh, he did do it!" muttered the colonel, in amazement.

"Come on, you two," said Gus, "but don't talk

to me. I want to keep my mind fixed on this boy."

Matt's eyes slowly opened now, but he looked neither to the right nor the left, following after Gus like a dog, with Colonel Tolkins and Silas Stump keeping close behind.

In a few moments they were in the pass which led up to the movable runaway.

Looking back into the valley to have a last glimpse of the sheriff and his posse, Gus saw that all hands had dismounted, and the horses were hobbled.

It looked as though the sheriff had settled down to wait for the return of such of the Gopher gang as had escaped him at Fire-Hole Canyon.

And Gus pushed on, guiding the guide and the rest of his helpless following.

Silas staggered from sheer weakness, Colonel Tolkins stumbled, while as for Matt, it was perfectly evident that he was walking in sleep.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Belle To the Rescue.

"Here's the place, Colonel. This is where we went up. We ought to see the platform in a minute now."

Gus was speaking. Followed by his peculiar companions, he had almost reached the end of the pass which led out of the Gopher's valley.

Would they be able to run that singular movable platform up into place without understanding the mechanism of the thing?

This was what was bothering Gus, and he was hoping to find the platform already in place.

"Now, if we are going to run up against guards it is about time to do it," drawled Colonel Tolkins. "Heavens and earth! I'm that winded I don't care a blame whether they shoot me for a Gopher or not."

"If we run against any of the sheriff's posse the only thing to do is to surrender," replied Gus.

"So say I," added Silas. "If I can pull myself up to the top of this here platform you tell about it is all I shall be able to do. I'm satisfied I can't go another step without grub!"

Matt Marston did not say anything. All through that toilsome journey up in the mountain, during which they had encountered no one, the boy had not spoken a single word.

Gus on several occasions had tried to make him talk, but each time he had failed. What the end of it all was to be he could not tell, but Gus felt serious doubts of being able to deliver anything short of an idiot to Mr. Marston, and he felt very sad over the prospect, you may be sure.

They now turned the projecting point of rock which Gus reckoned was to decide their fate.

He was right.

Now the black wall of the precipice was before them. The door of the cave beneath it was open, and the movable platform in place.

"Hold on!" breathed Silas. "Let's have a look before we go ahead."

"No use," replied Gus. "Let's push ahead. If any one is going to jump on us we can't stop them. Come right on."

The colonel offered no objection, and they reached the platform, seeing no one.

"It's a shaky affair for a man like me," said the colonel. "Have I got to climb that thing?"

"You certainly have," replied Gus. "If it will hold half a dozen mounted men, and that's what I know it will, there can't be any doubt its holding you."

They started on the ascent, and reached the top safely, seeing no one.

"We had better make for the hut, Silas, don't you think so?" questioned Gus. "You look about beat out. It will give you a chance to rest."

"I am beat out," replied the guide. "I can't go much further. If we only had food——"

"Stand where you are! Hands up, all of you!"

The cry came with startling suddenness. Out from among the dark fir trees six armed men suddenly sprang.

Gus and the colonel instantly recognized them as members of the Gopher gang, but none of them were those who had taken a prominent part in Gus' affairs.

The spokesman, whom Gus heard addressed as "Gopher Tom," now came forward as the hands went up.

"What bring you here?" he demanded. "Tim Tolkins, it's up to you—speak!"

"It isn't up to me at all, Tom Treadway," replied the colonel. "I was left behind and this boy was trying to help me out. Do you s'pose I was going to sit down and wait for Sheriff Oliver to come up?"

"It's up to you, then," said Treadway, turning his rifle on Gus. "I was told you were dead, but you seem to be very much alive. What are you doing with that boy?"

"If you will lower that rifle I'll tell you all I know," replied Gus, quietly. "I stood by Brandt in the fight when you fellows went on the run. I don't see any reason why I should be treated like an enemy, I must say."

"Throw down your rifle," said Gopher Tom.

"There it is," replied Gus, giving it a toss.

"And you, Sile Stump," he added. "Pitch out your revolver. You're the fellow who betrayed us and broke up our band."

"Not on your life," replied the guide, throwing down a revolver. "I hain't seen Sheriff Oliver since I started up in these infernal mountains. I've been lost for over three weeks. I'm just about dead."

"If you will just let me speak I can explain all," said Gus.

"Go ahead, then," was the reply, and Gus told his story in such a frank manner that the Gophers could hardly fail to be impressed.

"Waal, I reckon you are telling the truth," said Treadway. "So Brandt is dead, and Jake, too. There hain't many of us left, but we that still live are bound to be revenged. We are here laying for the sheriff, and he and his gang are down thar laying for us. Meanwhile, we don't want no yarns taken back to Black Rock—no, not none. I say the best thing we can do is to shoot you all now that Dr. Blake is dead. The coming of that idiot boy caused the beginning of all our trouble. It never ought to have been allowed. Some one has got to pay the penalty for the dead ones of our little band."

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

SIX-FOOT JERSEY GHOST

A six-foot ghost that throws stones has been seen in Perth Amboy and Woodbridge, N. J., and the police of those towns have been asked by residents to capture the spook, which is said to have come out of the Hope Lawn Cemetery every night.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Reid, of Florida Grove Road, Perth Amboy, told the police the ghost had been prowling around their house, and on one occasion threw a rock into a room where their children were playing. The police say the ghost is apparently no gentleman.

FARMER HAS LAST LAUGH

Three years ago, Sam McKee, Key County farmer, Oklahoma, in need of cash, endeavored to find a buyer for part of his oil and gas royalty, and was laughed at. The best offer he had was a trade for a skinflint horse. Old men said he was in dry territory.

The Wentz Oil Corporation concluded to take a chance last year and drilled on the McKee farm, the southwest quarter of section 34-25-1W. The test was a successful one. Recently a collector for the State auditor received a check from McKee for \$8,147.95, which was 3 per cent. of his oil income for the preceding quarter of a year.

SATURN NEARS EARTH

Saturn, the ringed giant world, became the new evening star in the sky on May 1, when it was at its closest approach to the earth for 1925. Saturn's distance from this world is 821,240,000 miles, but Saturn is a huge planet, 73,000 miles in diameter, and shines in first magnitude, despite its remoteness. It rises in the southeast just as the sun goes down, and shines all night with a yellow ruddy lustre. Its brilliance is so great that it casts a reflection in water, like the moon.

Saturn, with its series of rings, is one of the most spectacular objects in the sky. The rings cannot be seen with the naked eye, but a glass whose power is thirty or more will reveal them.

ORIGIN OF LIMERICKS

Most people consider Edward Lear the originator of the limerick. But Lear himself stated that for the general idea of his verses he was indebted to a friend who recounted to him a certain rhyme beginning "There was an old man of Tobago." Limericks were the vogue many years before Lear's "Book of Nonsense" appeared in 1846. The Yorkshire Publishing Company of Otley, England, published a collection of limericks as early as 1842. But the first limerick ever composed (so far as known) was orally popular probably a century or more before that. This was the old nursery rhyme beginning "Dickory, Dickory Dock." However, it was Lear who made the limerick popular. The great weakness with Lear's limericks, it is claimed, was their poor "last lines," which were usually repetitions of previous lines.

NATHAN HALE DIARY GIVEN YALE

Mrs. Edward S. Harkness, of New York, recently gave to the Yale University library the

notebook kept by Nathan Hale, a rare addition to the memorabilia of Hale, a member of the class of 1773. The notebook, or account book, is an autograph record kept by Hale as captain of his company showing equipment issued to his men.

It contains 136 receipts, dated June 27 to August 31, 1776, written in his hand and signed by the soldiers, constituting a fairly complete muster roll. Several pages of accounts are for money, clothing and the like. The notebook is an important source for students of the Colonial period of United States history.

After Hale's death it passed into the possession of Alice Adams Ripley, his step-sister, then a widow, to whom it is supposed he was engaged. She used its blank pages on which to write poems and record her religious thought as well as a diary dated 1782, giving an account of her marriage to William Lawrence. These entries enhance the interest of the book and throw light on the private life of Hale and members of his father's household.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

DIVINING ROD MAY FIND STREAM

Because a peach tree limb, used as a divining rod, "tipped" for water at a spot in a Lynchburg, Va., street, city forces are digging up that street in quest of a small stream which has been flowing through the basement of a bank for three months. If the peach tree limb divines correctly, the city will pay for the excavation and stop the leak, but if the "tip" is wrong and the digging futile, the bank is to pay for the digging.

THOUSANDS SEE CAVE-IN

Thousands of persons are visiting the vicinity of Union Church, a village west of Brook Haven, Miss., where the earth is cracking and sinking in an area a quarter of a mile long and 40 feet wide. The dropping of the earth continues at an estimated gait of a foot a day.

One theory is that years ago aborigines inhabiting the country dug large underground chambers beneath the hills, the entrance subsequently being filled and the earth only now caving in.

FINDS \$120 IN OLD SOFA

An old sofa formed a part of a load of waste dumped near the Beach street grounds, Holyoke, Mass., recently, and within a few minutes the excitement in the neighborhood was comparable only to the discovery of some part of the world. In fact, that particular part of the world was never found to be so well supplied before.

One of the workmen uncovered \$120 in bills in the sofa, which apparently had been used as a safety vault by a former owner. The finder denied he plans to make a tour of the world.

62,000 MILES OF BANDAGE

The Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropies announced recently that the six hospitals maintained in New York City by the organization had used enough gauze bandage during 1924 to circle the globe two and a half times and enough antiseptic to fill a small lake. The exact figures were 62,000 miles of bandage and 100,000 gallons of antiseptic.

The federation supports ninety-one charitable institutions, including Mount Sinai, Lebanon, Beth Israel, Montefiore, Jewish Maternity, Joint Disease hospitals. Children under the care of the federation wore 14,882 pairs of shoes during the year.

Some of the institutions for children are the Home for Hebrew Infants, Hebrew Orphan Asylum, Blythdale Home, Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society, Crippled Children's East Side Free School and the Convalescent Home for Hebrew Children. Food and coal are used in great quantities, and by centralizing buying the federation is able to save considerable money.

These asylums and hospitals used 32,000 tons of coal and 1,000,793 pounds of meat and poultry. They consumed 1,032,000 pounds of bread, 150,000 pounds of butter, 246,572 dozen eggs, 485,000 pounds of sugar and 1,218,211 quarts of milk.

LAUGHS

"Say, have you forgotten that you owe me a hundred francs?" "No, not yet; give me time."

May—Don't you think Charlie has a fine mustache? Clara—Yes, and he got awfully mad the other evening when I called it down.

Ivy growing on houses protects them from dampness, as the plant extracts every particle of moisture from wood, brick, or stone.

Patience—And you say there were a lot of women hanging on to the straps in the car. Patrice—Yes; and a lot of men hanging on to the seats.

"That lawyer of mine has a nerve." "Why so?" "Listen to this item in his bill: 'For waking up in the night and thinking over your case, ten dollars.'"

"I don't see why you call your place a bungalow," said Smith to his neighbor. "Well, if it isn't a bungalow, what is it?" said the neighbor. "The job was a bungle and I still owe for it."

Mother—I have just heard something that you ought to know. Your father tells me that your husband is hopelessly involved. Married Daughter—Isn't that lovely! Now, maybe, he'll make over all his property to me.

"Well, did he pay you?" asked the wife of a dentist who had been to collect a bill for a full set of false teeth that he had made for a man almost a year before. "Pay me?" growled the dentist. "Not only did he refuse to pay me, but actually had the effrontery to gnash at me—with my teeth."

She—You won't object to having my dear mamma live with us after we are married, will you? He (a young physician)—Not at all. In fact, she'll be most welcome. She—I'm so glad you feel that way. He—Yes; you see, she is always ailing, and I really need somebody to experiment on.

POINTS OF INTEREST

WORLD'S TINIEST ZOO INMATES

The smallest animals in the London Zoo are a pygmy mice from Gambia in Western Africa. They are smaller than bees, and a pair could easily set up housekeeping in an ordinary safety match box. While the pygmies were being shipped to London fifteen of them escaped through a hole smaller than might be made by a lead pencil and were never seen again.

CHEAP WIVES

In Uganda a man can buy a handsome wife for four bulls, a box of cartridges, and six needles, and if he has the luck to go a-wooing when woman happen to be a drug in the market he can buy a suitable damsel for a pair of shoes. A Kaffir girl is worth, according to the rank of her family, from four to ten cows; and in Tartary no father will surrender his daughter until he gets a good quantity of butter in return, and in certain parts of India no girl can marry unless her father has been pacified by a present of rice and a few rupees.

A WATCH BOY

It is no uncommon sight to see a boy watching cattle in order that they may not stray or keeping birds off the crops. A watch boy whose duty it is to keep a lookout for a school of fish and who sits in a sentry box set upon stilts is characteristic of Norway.

The scene of this lad's labors is the shore of some Norwegian fiord. His little sentry box is made of wood and is perched high upon posts. Here the boy sits, gazing out across the arm of the sea, employing his keen eyesight for the benefit of the farmers, who depend upon him to give the alarm when a school of fish shall appear.

They work contentedly enough in their fields, confident that the lad will let them know when it is time to read a harvest from the sea instead of from the land. When the signal is sounded the farmers leave their work, throw their big nets over their shoulders and hurry off to their boats.

Sentinel boxes similar to those employed in Norway were in use among the fishermen on the shores of the Mediterranean, and it is supposed that the Vikings brought back with them from some of their piratical raids the idea that has been in practice ever since.

PEKINGESE DOGS

Pekingese dogs, otherwise Chinese lapdogs, have a curious history.

On October 8, 1861, an English soldier helped to ransack the imperial summer palace at Pekin and took back to his captain a little dog that was supposed to have belonged to the Empress. At any rate, the Empress's attendants made frantic attempts to regain the little creature, and the English officer finally struck a bargain, by which it was to be sent as a present from the Chinese ruler to Queen Victoria.

Good feeling was thus established all around, and the little dog, bearing the name Looty, was domiciled at Buckingham Palace. He was a very

lonesome little creature, the other dogs taking exception to his Oriental habits and appearance, and when the Prince and Princess of Wales returned from a continental trip, the latter pleaded with her mother-in-law to be allowed to take Looty to Sandringham.

About six months later Looty's mate arrived from China, and the breeding of this species of dog became a diversion in fashionable society. Not many years ago a number of women got together material for a dog show and called it the Association of the Dogs from the Palace of Pekin. Looty, who had long since passed to dog heaven, was represented by a very numerous progeny.

SNAILS ARE NUTRITIOUS

"All snails are edible and nutritious," says Canon Horsley in a book on British land and fresh water molluscs, just published. He goes on to say that even the common or garden snail, though insipid, is as nourishing as calf's-foot jelly.

There is a large white-shelled snail called *Helix pomatia* that is commonly eaten by connoisseurs in the south of England, while all over France, Italy and Spain several species are used as food. In France there are many snail farms, which yield a good profit to their owners. In the French and Italian quarters of New York snails may be bought, either alive or cooked, and at most of the French restaurants they are served, "escargots farcis" being the most usual form of the dish.

Snails are easy to raise in large quantities. They need lime for making their shells, but they do not have to be fed, as they can find their own food, which is exclusively the leaves of many plants. They are most delicious when properly prepared and cooked, and, as Canon Horsley says, as nourishing as calf's-foot jelly.

Snail culture apparently has not made a beginning in this country, the few snails found on the market here being brought over from Europe alive in barrels and casks and sold by fish dealers in our large cities. Writing in the last Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. E. W. Rust suggests that the opportunities for snail-growing are really much better in the United States than in Europe. While in the Old World, the snail-grower generally has but a small piece of land on which the snails must be confined by a fence of special design, and where they must be regularly fed, in this country there is an abundance of waste land where these creatures might be successfully raised without attention, and as they do not wonder far, they would not need to be confined. Mr. Rust states that the Mississippi Valley offers ideal conditions for snail culture. There is no reason why snails should not be used to some extent as a substitute for oysters, which they resemble in flavor. Their feeding habits do not, as in the case of oysters, involve the possible danger of infection with typhoid and other diseases.

HERE AND THERE

DECOYS FOR THE TSETSE FLY

Scented decoys for the deadly tsetse fly are now employed in up-country districts by Government entomologists, says Science. In order to trap and destroy the insects which cause sleeping sickness, dummy animals are being erected upon which the flies light with the intention of biting the animals. If animal odors cling around the dummies the flies will linger about until killed. Images of donkeys with brown paper legs are commonly employed.

HEN MOTHERS PUPPIES

When a mother beagle hound on the farm of James W. Cesan, in Agawam, Mass., deserted her four puppies, the orphaned family were taken over by a Rhode Island Red hen. Now they are inseparable.

Mr. Cesan first discovered the waifs snuggled beneath the hen. The only drawback seems to be the hen's failure to interest the puppies in the worms and other choice morsels she provides.

HE MADE IT HIMSELF

The first time 20-dollar yellowback gold certificates were issued a Government engraver received his salary in these new bills and decided to take a short trip to New York. When he paid his hotel bill he gave the clerk one of these new bills, whereupon the clerk scrutinized it and refused it, saying that he had never seen such a bill, and it wasn't good. The engraver assured him it was good, for he had made it himself just last week. "That's what I thought," returned the clerk as he rang for the house detective.

RECOMMENDS CHIMNEYS FOR AUTOS

Professor Yandell Henderson of the physiological chemistry department of Yale, an authority on poison gases, suggested the installation of chimneys on automobiles and motor trucks to eliminate the contamination of air near the ground, in an address before the Yale Branch of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

Experiments conducted by Prof. Henderson and Prof. J. A. Haggard, as associate, have disclosed that a large quantity of harmful gas is thrown off by all gasoline-driven vehicles. With many automobiles on the streets, he said, it does not take long for the air to get foul. He said if long chimneys were used the injurious gases would be discharged above the breathing range of persons walking in the streets.

FISH GATHER IN MILLIONS

Every summer there is a remarkable run of herring on the North Pacific coast. These fish come in such shoals that they seem a solid moving mass. They crowd into the inlets and sheltered bays and can be taken in millions by the simplest means. Men and boys on the Grand Trunk Pacific dock at Prince Rupert use waste paper baskets and similar utensils, which, with rope attached, are thrown into the water and allowed to sink below the surface, then hauled in again full to overflowing with lovely herring.

But a better idea of the density of these schools of fish is afforded by the fact that fishing lines with hook attached can be sunk in the water and pulled out instantly with just as many fish as there are hooks, be there a dozen or fifty. Tons of these herring are taken by the fish companies and frozen in boxes for use as bait for the halibut fisheries. They are an excellent table fish and there ought to be a profitable market for them in the interior. As yet, comparatively few of them are shipped, though dealers are now calling for them. Fishermen say the herring seek the bays to escape the whales, which prey on them in certain localities during their migrations.

ONE-DOLLAR BILLS

Most of the dollar bills now in use are no more like those of a year ago than a limousine is like a truck. The bill has been redesigned and standardized in the interest of quantity production. The Government is now getting out only one model in place of the five old models. All dollar bills in the future will be exactly alike, except for a slight variation as between silver certificates and United States notes. The Government has been making the new design for two years and has been putting it out for eighteen months.

If the reader will reach into his pocket for a dollar bill, the chances are ten to one he will find a silver certificate of the new design. A look at the back will show a much simplified design without pictures, consisting chiefly of a scroll-work panel and lathe-work border. There is no American eagle in the centre, as on the old silver certificate. The central figure on the face is the picture of George Washington.

It is the intention of the Treasury Department that this picture shall be made the invariable symbol of the dollar bill, never appearing on any other sort of money. A favorite method of the counterfeiter is to raise one-dollar bills to tens or twenties by changing the numbers. It is far more difficult to change the pictures. When the redesigned and simplified currency is in circulation the public should come to associate the picture of Washington with the one-dollar bill and to suspect a bill of any other denomination bearing that picture.

There are still five varieties of one-dollar bills in circulation, as follows:

Treasure notes of 1890, when a special issue of \$152,000,000, \$64,702,000 in one-dollar bills, was put out under the Sherman act for the purchase of silver. These are being retired as they come in, about 300,000 now remaining in circulation.

Federal Reserve Bank notes issued in 1918, when the Government retired \$270,000,000 worth of its silver certificates, to melt up that number of silver dollars and sell the silver to Britain to meet the demand of India for that metal. These notes have the eagle on the back and Washington's portrait on the face. They are being retired.

National bank notes of one-dollar denomination, printed in the names of banks, are still in circulation but are no longer being printed.

IN THE CRYPT

By JOHN SHERMAN

During my trip to England and Ireland I had many curious adventures. That is natural, of course, as men of our cloth are more likely to run across queer characters and see strange things than ordinary mortals.

One incident in particular is fresh in my memory, the circumstances surrounding it being so romantic and out of the common order of things.

I will proceed at once to lay the tale before my enlightened readers, feeling sure that they will be as fully interested in the remarkable adventures of Leslie Thorburn and the heroic devotion of his daughter Ethel.

The man was criminal, to be sure, and yet I could not help sympathizing with him, and feeling sorry for his lovely child.

I never in my life felt more like neglecting my duty and letting the man go free, but I had given my word of honor that I would capture him, and so there was nothing for it but to hunt him down.

It was a noble old house where he had lived, and I often see it pictured before me in my mind.

It had been built many hundreds of years, and additions had been put to it from time to time, until it grew to be most picturesque, with its different styles of architecture, looking like an ingenious piece of patchwork.

In one wing—the oldest—was a quaint chapel with stained-glass windows, sculptured saints on the walls, and a queer little pulpit built of oak perched upon high, and surmounted by a sounding-board.

Beneath the chapel was the crypt, or vault, where reposèd in state the bones of Thorburn's ancestors, their tombs being marked by graven effigies of brave knights in armor, saints, angels, and other devices.

One tomb in particular, that of Sir Reginald Thorburn, as the name had formerly been spelt, was in a good state of preservation, and broken, that of the good old knight remained intact.

The figure represented him as lying upon his back, with his hands folded upon his breast, as if in prayer. He was dressed in a sort of half armor, and a full stiff ruffle was around his neck, his head resting upon a helmet, and his feet against the stone image of a dog, once his favorite companion.

I mention these details because I had abundant opportunities to notice them, and they became indelibly impressed upon my memory.

With these preliminary remarks, I will proceed to relate the story of Leslie Thorburn's crime, and how I succeeded in bringing him to justice.

He had been in a position of great trust and responsibility, and had appropriated the funds of his employers to his own use—a crime that is altogether too common in these days.

He had at last gone so far that discovery and disgrace were inevitable, and he therefore fled, making one last heavy theft.

He had evidently determined that as long as his good name was to be blighted he might as well make out of the transaction as he could. His peculations amounted to several thousands of pounds, and had extended over a period of eight or ten years. He had been so long in the employ of the firm that he could do about as he liked with his accounts, and had grown reckless in his stealings, until at last the firm began to suspect some one, and I volunteered to work up the case, giving them my word of honor that I would convict the thief.

There was something about the old cashier's looks that I did not like, notwithstanding that no one suspected him, and without saying anything about it I watched him closely.

His firm did not seem to think it at all necessary that his books should be examined, but I insisted upon it, and probably he overheard me doing so, for the next day he was missing. It was some time before the full amount of his stealings could be estimated, but it was something startling, and completely upset the notions of the respectable gentlemen who had so long trusted a thief and placed confidence in a defaulter.

The man had frequently treated me with haughtiness and disdain, not to say contempt, and I suppose the least little bit of spite animated me when I determined to hunt him down.

I apprehended that he would not leave the city at once, for he was a shrewd scoundrel, and seemed to know that the first places to be searched would be his out-of-town residence (he was employed in London) and the many railroad stations.

I hunted for him, consequently, in the city, but without success, for the fellow seemed to fear me more than the London men, as I afterward learned was the case, and took extra pains to keep out of my way.

I knew all his haunts but neither bribery nor threats, bullying nor flattering could enable me to find the scamp, and at last I announced that I was completely baffled, and would give up the case. That was all gammon. I was more determined than ever to ferret the thing to the bottom.

But I wished the impression to go abroad that I had given up the case as a bad job.

To give the affair a greater appearance of truth, I took passage for New York on the next steamer, and went aboard with the other passengers.

I did not go very far with them, though, for, changing my dress in my cabin, I appeared as a sailor, and when the pilot left the steamer to herself I returned with him and was dropped off at a miserable little place on the coast.

Thence I proceeded to Thornburst, the country-seat of the defaulter, to which I have hitherto referred.

Procuring the habiliments of a rustic or "chaw-bacon," I hung around the place waiting for a chance to see the master.

Feeling sure that he would turn up before long, I remained in the neighborhood drinking ale with laborers listening to stories and gossip in the tap-room of the "Thorburn Arms Tavern" and deporting myself generally like that benighted creature, the English peasant.

I worked some and idled more spending many

hours chatting with the old steward of the Hall who would not believe that his master was guilty of any wrong.

"I tellee, my mon," he would say to me, "I care na for what they say but a Thorburn never war known to do wrong and my master will not be the first to break the rule."

I acquiesced in this belief and then the old man continued:

"There is poor Miss Ethel, all he's got now that will cling to him. I don't know what to think, but she seems to pine and grow thin, as if some sorrow was eating her up."

I asked what had become of the rest of the family.

"Hugh married against his father's wishes and was cut off; Rob went to America and was disowned for leaving the old homestead; Hal drank himself to death and broke his father's heart with his wild ways, his debts being something terrible, and Margaret and Eleanor married men who had nothing, and had to be supported by their father-in-law."

"Wasn't he extravagant himself?" I ventured to suggest, but the old man flew into a rage, and I said nothing more about it. I learned, however, that my theory was correct, for Thorburn had bought all sorts of things that he had no need for, had speculated largely, and during the last year or so had gambled away hundreds of pounds.

His daughter Ethel, who was the only one left to him, was well provided for out of her father's stealings, though she knew nothing of it until after the crash came.

She had been educated in France, had traveled all over the continent, had been furnished with an unlimited amount of money, besides silks, laces, velvets, jewelry and finery of all kinds, and not a wish of her heart was not gratified.

She was not a spoiled child, by any means, although she had anything she wanted, and her father doted upon her, while the servants perfectly idolized her.

I saw her frequently moving about the place, and was irresistibly attracted to her, partly from her great beauty, but more on account of her gentle look and manner.

I knew she could not bear to think of her father's disgrace, and would not believe it, though the proofs were daily accumulating, and his crime was the one topic of conversation in the neighborhood. I knew that this was killing her, for she grew more pale and haggard every day, and allowed her grief to show itself upon her face, which assumed a more spiritual beauty than it hitherto had, as if the girl's nature was trying to conquer her hatred of crime in all shapes and by whoever committed.

Late one afternoon I saw her go down the shaded walk which led to the gates, pass out and plunge into the thicket.

I suspected that she was going to meet either her father or some one who would tell her about him, so I followed.

Hidden behind a thick clump of bushes, I saw her meet a man in rough garb, who gave her a letter, and then said:

"In the crypt tonight at eleven. Remember!"

"And I shall see him then for the last time?"

"For the present."

"It will be forever!"

Oh, what a world of sorrow there was in that short sentence!

"No—no; he will send for you before long, and you will be happy once more," said the other, quickly.

"No Arthur, I cannot be happy with the knowledge that my father is a thief. You would not have the daughter of a forger and embezzler for a wife."

"Indeed I would, for you have done no wrong. I blame you not, and while I cannot condone your father's crime, I will at least assist him to escape."

"Thanks, dearest, thanks! I could never endure the thoughts of my poor father being shut up in prison; it would break my heart."

"There—there, my love, compose yourself, I must go now; but remember tonight, in the crypt, at eleven!"

"I will, never fear. My old nurse will be with me, for I can trust her with anything."

The next moment her lover—for so I judged him to be, and subsequently learned that he was, and had disguised himself so that he could assist Ethel's father—disappeared in the woods, and I completely lost sight of him.

Ethel quickly returned to the house, and I quickly followed, turning over in my busy brain a plan that I had formed for the capture of the defaulter.

I succeeded in making all my arrangements, and at ten o'clock that night was hidden away in the crypt under the chapel. I had often gone there with old Simon, the steward, and I knew the place well. Many times I had thought that the criminal would find an excellent hiding place there, and on that account I had studied it well, and knew every secret passage it contained. It was therefore an easy matter for me to secret myself during the evening still clad in my rustic garb, and wearing a look of stupid innocence upon my face.

At about eleven o'clock I heard voices, and looking up from my place of concealment, saw the glimmer of a lantern.

I waited for a few moments, and then, hearing the footsteps cease, I advanced to the edge of the partition behind which I was concealed, and which did not reach to the ceiling.

I could see that the light had been set down, and then I heard a young woman's voice speaking a glad welcome to someone whom she seemed to kiss.

Standing on tiptoe, I peered over the partition, and there, by Sir Reginald's tomb, standing in the full light of the lantern which had been placed on top of the stone sarcophagus, I saw Leslie Thorburn, dressed for traveling, with one arm about his daughter's lovely form, which she clung fondly to him, and looked up into his eyes with a glance of such trustfulness as almost made me ashamed of myself for playing the part of a spy upon her father.

"Dear Ethel, appearances are strongly against me, and I could hardly prove my complete innocence."

Here another voice interposed.

"Leslie Thorburn, be a man," it said, and I recognized it as that of the old woman, Ethel's former nurse and constant companion. "Be a man, I say, and not a coward!"

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Here another voice interposed.

"Leslie Thorburn, be a man," it said, and I recognized it as that of the old woman, Ethel's former nurse and constant companion. "Be a man, I say, and not a coward!"

"Peace, woman!" he muttered.

"Why don't you tell her you are a thief, and have done? She must know the truth some day, and it were better you should tell her than strangers."

"Father—father, what does she mean?"

"Tell her you are guilty, and ask her pardon. Then go away, if you will, but don't leave her to bear the shame all alone."

"Woman, you are mad!"

"And you are a coward! Listen to me, Ethel: Your father loves you no longer, or he would tell you all. He dare not deny that your education, your dresses, your gold and jewels have all been purchased by money that is stained with crime."

"Father—father!" screamed the poor girl while I almost held my breath, "tell me it is false."

"Would to Heaven I might," groaned the man, in despair, "but I cannot deceive you any longer. Your father is a criminal, Ethel, and will fly from the country this very night; the ship is even now awaiting me."

"Let me go with you," she sobbed.

"And share his ill-gotten gold?" screamed the old woman in horror. "He has not even made restitution, and does not mean to. Leslie Thorburn, you are a black-hearted villain, and a disgrace to the family; but you cannot deceive me. Don't my son work for the men you robbed? You are a thief, and intend to remain one. Leave him, Ethel, for he is a villain!"

The old woman ceased, but Ethel had not heard the whole of this long speech, having fainted in her father's arms.

He kissed her tenderly, and then, giving her into the arms of the old woman, hurried away.

I had anticipated this move, however, and giving the signal to a couple of men I had in waiting, we rushed upon the defaulter, and in a moment we surrounded him and made him a prisoner.

He made a considerable resistance, but all in vain; and quickly hurrying him away, I had him conveyed to the nearest railway station, and took him back to London that very night.

He made a full confession, and gave up what money still remained in his possession: but the fact that he had intended to run away without making any restitution whatever told against him.

Poor Ethel received a great shock, but not being reproached by her lover, who took her away to live with him far from the scenes where she had heard of her father's crime, she soon grew strong again, and in time ceased to remember the terrible scenes through which she had gone that dreadful night in the Crypt.

GIANT BETELGEUSE

There is a bigger star than Betelgeuse, the hugeness of which astounded the world when announced only a few months ago. This greater giant is Antares, and Prof. Henry Norris Russell describes it in the *Scientific American*. Its diameter was measured at Mount Wilson Observatory with Michelson's interferometer. Antares is that bright star in the constellation of the Scorpion.

The apparent diameter of Antares is 0".039, a little less than that of Betelgeuse, but the real diameter is far larger, being 420,000,000 miles, or half as big again as that of Betelgeuse and twice the diameter of the earth's orbit.

It is so far away that its light, travelling at 182,000 miles a second, takes no less than 370 years to reach the earth.

"Antares," writes Professor Russell, "though looking fainter than Betelgeuse, is twice as far away, and is in reality three times as bright. Moreover, it is fully as red as Betelgeuse, and so probably gives out rather less light per square mile; so it is not surprising to find it the bigger of the two stars. Its actual luminosity is about 3,000 times that of the sun; but according to these measures its diameter is about 500 times the sun's, and its superficial area about 240,000 times as great. This shows that, per square mile, Antares gives out only one-eighthieth as much light as the sun—that is, that the surface of this star is much less luminous, and probably cooler, than the darkest parts of any sun-spot."

"Additional evidence of the remarkable and almost unique character of this great luminary is found in an observation by Mr. Joy—also with the 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson. Antares has a much fainter companion, three seconds of arc away, which is so overpowered by the rays of its great neighbor that it affords a rather severe test of the defining power of telescopes of moderate dimensions. This companion appears vividly green, but until recently it was uncertain whether this color arose merely from contrast with the deep red of the primary, or was real. Mr. Joy's spectrograph show that the companion is remarkably unlike Antares. Its spectrum is of the Orion type—B3 on the Harvard scale—which means that it is a very hot star indeed, much above the temperature of Sirius, and far exceeding the sun. Though so hard to see in the glare of Antares, it is really fairly bright—of about the sixth magnitude; and its real luminosity must be about fifty times that of the sun, or twice that of Sirius. Being so hot, it probably shines very intensely—twenty times the sun's surface brightness being a low estimate; and we may therefore conclude that its linear diameter is not far from one million miles."

"Though the companion is so extraordinarily unlike Antares in almost every particular, the two stars undoubtedly form a true binary pair. They are moving together in space, and show traces of orbital motion, which, however, is exceedingly slow."

HOW INDIANS KEPT WARM

When the Indian was on the warpath for any length of time in cold weather he had a very ingenious and simple process for keeping warm. He could not build a fire without giving his location away, says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, so at night the party would dig a number of holes about three feet deep and in the bottom kindle a fire of burnt wood (charcoal). Then in spook fashion they would lie on the ground around the hole with their legs hanging down over the fire and go to sleep. This kept their toes comfortably toasted without warning the enemy as to their whereabouts.

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